THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE GOLDEN VEIN.

Sometimes Called the Golden Vale, Said to Be the Most Fertile Portion of Ireland.

Legends of "The Devil's Bit," the Rock of Cashel, and Other Historic Spots in Lovely Tipperary and Verdant Limerick.

From Clonmel, the Vale of Honey, in the southeast corner of Tipperary, to Banogue, the Young Field, in the middle of Limerick, and extending a dozen miles north of the Knockmeeldown, Galtee and Kilfinane Mountains, lies the justly celebrated Golden Vein. It covers a tract of land in length about forty miles and varying in breadth from ten to fifteen miles. For natural productiveness and fertility it can scarcely be equalled by any piece of land of equal size in the world. The sub-soil is mostly of yellow clay and limestone. The roads in summer time are white, the fields a rich green; the country alternates with hills and dales; bright streams sparkle here and there; the air is laden with the fragrance of the primrose, the hawthorn and the woodbine; the blackbird, the linnet and the lark lend their music to the vale, and all nature seems to combine to make the countryside a second Eden. It is the best butter-producing land in Ireland; the crops of hay, oats and potatoes cannot be surpassed. But it is not in rich harvests alone that the Golden Vein is prolific. From Slievenamon to Ballingarry the men are remarkable for their bravery and manly physique, and the women for their virtue and beauty.

Kings, princes, scholars, poets, soldiers and athletes have called the Golden Vein their mother. Here, in the south of Tipperary, stands the Rock of Cashel, surmounted by the ruins of a palace, a round tower and a church. This was the seat of the Kings of Munster. The "Rock," as it is called, is the only eminence for several miles around. About thirty miles north is a range of mountains, in one of the peaks of which is an abrupt and peculiar indentation called the "Devil's Bit." The legend goes that his black majesty, getting mad with the mountain for being in his way, tore a bite out and threw it down into the plains, near Cashel. Northeast of Cashel a few miles is the town of Fethard, where was born his Grace Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Slievenamon, Maidens' Mountain, close by, was the home of Charles Kickham, the poet and patriot, who, almost blind and in an English convict prison, wrote the pathetic lines:

By night and by day I ever, ever pray,
While lonelily my life flows on,
To see my flag unrolled,
And my true love to enfold.

In the valley near Slievenamon, a few miles west of Cashel, is the town of Tipperary, which attracted much attention recently by its people leaving the old town and building a new one to escape the rack-rents of landlord Smith-Barry. But Tipperary is a veteran fighter of landlords. At Ballycohey, near by, the notorious evictor, Scully, was resisted, and his bailiff and a policeman shot dead. In the town of Tipperary land-agent Braddel held office and collected rents about thirty years ago. Times were bad; it was hard to pay high rents. A tenant, named Hayes, from Cappawhite, begged for a reduction. Braddel refused. Hayes came back. "Well, will you take this rent." Before Braddel could raise his revolver, which lay on the table, Hayes shot him. A bullet struck Hayes as he fled from the room. Both men died from their wounds. Hayes lived for a few months on his "keeping." He succeeded in eluding the "authorities." It was in reference to this hunt after Hayes that the poet of the place, Darby Ryan, from Bansha, composed the well-known song entitled "The Fox Chase." He is also author of "The Peeler and the Goat," a lively satire on a Bansha policeman who arrested Darby for feeling a little too good. The arrest was thus described:

A Bansha peeler went out one night
On duty and patrolling, Oh!
He met a goat upon the road
And took him for a stroller, Oh!
With bayonets fixed he sallied forth,
And caught him by the wizen, Oh!
And then swore out a mighty oath
He'd march him off to prison, Oh!

The same "poet," in the "Gallbally Farmer," scorched the man who refused to give him refreshment:

I worked in Tipp'rary, I worked in Cuthsen,
At the moate of Kilfeacle, the bridge of Athleen,
But such woful starvation was never yet seen
As I got from the "Gallbally Farmer."

A dozen miles north of Cashel is the town of Thurles, noted for its college, which has sent bishops, priests and doctors to all parts of the globe. The Archbishop of Cashel and Emly resides there. Emly is a historic village on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary. Here are the ruins of an ancient abbey and of St. Ailbe's church. A thousand years ago Emly was famed through Europe as a seat of learning. A few miles distant is the village of Lattin. Here is how the tradition says it received the name: Some continental scholars challenged the Emly savants to a contest in learning. In due time they arrived in Ireland and were making their way to Emly. Near that town they came to a stream where some old women were "bittling" clothes. The foreigners inquired, in Latin, the road to Emly. The women answered in the same tongue and added, still in Latin, a volume of general information. The foreigners were surprised. "If the women speak Latin and know so much," they said to themselves, "what must not the men know!" They retraced their steps to the sea-shore. The Emly scholars dressed as "bittlers" had outwitted them.

A few miles north of Emly stands the Rock of Ballyneety, where Sarsfield captured and blew up the cannon and amunition intended for the siege of Limerick. Westward, a couple of miles, is the village of Kilteely, under a picturesque hill. Two stone slabs, about forty feet long, form a slide with a steep incline. The "bouchal" and "colleen" that slide together down this flag are "sure to be married next Shrovetide." From Keeper Hill to Galty Mor students have flocked to Billy Lundon's "classical" school in Kilteely. Many young priests and doctors scattered through the four quarters of the globe can recollect with pleasure the happy days when they sat in Judy "Pat Martin's" front room, and *didn't* listen to the "masther" as he paced up and down outside, calling upon the muse in high sounding tones to relate—

Quidve dolens regina deum, tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores impulerit?

Westward, two miles, stands the village of Herbertstown, where the Plan of Campaign was inaugurated by William O'Brien and John Dillon. From "Campaign" Hill the long, sloping and historical hill of Knockaney is plainly visible. Here Finn MacCool and his Fenian warriors distinguished themselves in days of old. Knockaney is the birthplace of Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque. Crom Hill, a few miles distant, is also a place of historical importance. On its summit are a fort of peculiar construction and a "cromleach" or tomb, the top slab of which weighs eight or nine tons. How it was fetched up there remains doubtful. On the eastern side of the hill are the "Puck's Jump," a perpendicular rock eighty feet high, and two huge isolated rocks standing up close together. They are called "Diarmuid" and "Grainne," after the champion warrior of the seven battalions of the Fenians, and his wife, the daughter of King Cormac MacArt, who ruled Ireland in the third century. Her father wished Grainne to wed Finn MacCool, but she preferred Diarmuid O'Duivne, [illegible] plight of honor to fly away with her. During his pursuit by Finn and the Fenians, Diarmuid on one occasion pitched his camp at Crom Hill. Westward from Crom Hill extends a level tract comprising hundreds of rich farms around Hospital, Knocklong, Bruree, Bruff and Banogue. A few miles north of the town of Bruff, Lough Gur lies hidden under the shade of Knockadoon, Knockfennel and Knocktierna. Here and there are ruins of castles, forts and abbeys. It is a picturesque spot. From the summit of Knockfennel one can plainly see the white-sailed vessels going up the Shannon to Limerick city. On one side the residence and deer park of The O'Grady of Kilballyowen, on the other the wooded demesnes of the Crokers, one of whom was accidentally killed here last year at the British military tournament.

There is a race course at Fedamore, a few miles from Lough Gur, and another at Banogue. In fact, all through the Golden Vein horse-racing, fox-chasing and deer-hunting are favorite pastimes. Often have the country folks suspended work and made holiday at the races of Cashel, Baronstown, Brookfield, Elton and Banogue; and many a good day's sport has been enjoyed in the wake of the Arrivale Harriers, Cooper-Chadwicks and "Jacky" Ryan's fox hounds, and "Jacky" Gubbins' stag hounds. Athletic sports also found a home in the Golden Vein, and it has produced a rich crop of well-known athletes. Lough Gur is the home of Hayes, the pedestrian, who defeated all American competitors a few years ago. Ned Grady, of Ballybrood, stands next to the champion heavy-weight thrower of the world, Will Real, who hails from Barna, a few miles distant. Dr. J. C. Daly, the "symmetrical giant" of Bruree, was one time champion all-round athlete of Ireland. Bruree also claims P. Coll, who broke the record of the three standing jumps. M. J. Connery, of high-jumping fame, and D. Shannahan, record breaker at the hop-step-and-jump, belong to Kilfinane.

Emly is the birth-place of James S. Mitchell, champion 16-pound hammer-thrower of the world. Galbally claims Blackburn, the leading pole-jumper in Ireland, and to Aherlow belong McGrath and Carroll, champion jumper and long-distance runner of Munster. Cashel is the birth-place of M. J. Kennedy, who three years ago ran away from all competitors at St. Louis, winning the long-distance championship of the Northwest. Thurles is the birth-place of Paddy Ryan, of pugilistic fame, and Carrick of Maurice and Pat Davin. The former was a well-known athlete, and the first president of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Pat Davin, until recently, held the world's championship for the high and the broad jump, and was a first-class all-round man. This same Golden Vein has been the cradle of the majority of the stalwart boys who compose the Gaelic Athletic Association of Illinois.

P. F. G.

Two Hours' Ride to Milwaukee.

Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
Leave Chicago 3 o'clock p.m.
Arrive Milwaukee 5 o'clock p.m.
Milwaukee is a summer resort.
It is cool and pleasant.
Its hotels are the best in the west.
Start Saturday afternoon.
Come back Monday morning.
Four dollars for a round-trip ticket.
Parlor car seats reserved in advance.
City Ticket Office, 207 Clark street.

OLDEN DAYS IN IRELAND.

Some Quaint Irish Stories Related by Sir Aubrey de Vere in the "Century."

Recollections of His Childhood and Boyhood Days, When Everything Seemed Bathed in Sunshine.

Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, has written a series of recollections, which will be published in two parts in the *Century*. The first portion, dealing with his childhood and boyhood, is printed in the September number, and is full of quaint stories of the olden days in Ireland. Mr. de Vere says: "My earliest recollections are of our Irish home, Curragh Chase, and I always see it bathed as in summer sunshine. It was not once, however, as it is now. At the bottom of the lawn there now spreads a lake, but at that time it was rich meadow land, divided by a slender stream, with fair green hills beyond. The pleasure-ground now blends insensibly with the lawns and woods, but it had then a wall around it, which, as my father's old friend and school-fellow, Sir Thomas Acland, said on visiting us, when both had left youth behind, gave it a look of monastic seclusion. It was then divided into four grassy spaces, as smooth as velvet, and bright with many a flower bed. I can still see the deer park and the deer bounding from brake to brake of low-spreading oak and birch; the gathering of the poor on Sunday evenings at the gates of the long ash avenue for their rural dance; and the gay, thought half-bashful confidence with which some rosy, pretty peasant girl would advance, and drop a courtesy before one of our party, or some visitor at the "big house," that courtesy being an invitation to dance. There was also a little opening in the woods in which the neighbors danced; nor have I yet forgotten the vexation with which I found myself once snatched up and carried home to bed by one of these "merry maids whose tresses toss'd in light," and who lost little time in returning to the revel.

It was a time at which opposites of all sorts oddly combined. The country gentlemen were then looked up to as so many little princes, and the poor would have gladly adopted them as chiefs, like those of old, had they cared to accept that position; yet there was great familiarity in the intercourse of classes. It was all strangely mixed with simplicity of life. My grandmother drove about the park with her four grays and an outrider, while my father, with whom she lived, had his four blacks and an outrider; yet dinner, which was at 5 o'clock, would have been far from satisfactory to a diner-out of the present day. What a stranger would have thought ostentation was often a necessity, for the roads were generally carried over high hills. I well remember my grandmother's beautiful but melancholy black eyes, her ways at once authoritative and affectionate, and the reverence with which she was regarded by all. Nor have I forgotten her goodnight to us children: "God bless you, child, and make a good man of you"; nor the loud laugh once when the youngest of us, not to be outdone in civility, responded, "God bless you, grandma, and make a good woman of you."

My grandfather had no taste for duels. At a great public dinner, among the "healths" proposed was that of Lord Castlereagh, to whom my grandfather, then a member of the Irish parliament, was known to have a special aversion. All looked toward his seat, wondering how he would meet the dilemma; for the refusal to drink to a toast could then be expiated only by a duel. The glasses filled, he was the first to rise; he lifted his own and said, "Here's to the health of my Lord Castlereagh!" adding with a significant expression of face, "the Lord be troublesome to him!"

My grandfather always gave the sagest advice to a friend, but generally acted himself from whim. Once, when walking in a London street, he passed a room in which an auction was going on, and, attracted by the noise, entered it. The property set up for auction was the Island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel. He knew nothing whatsoever about it, but when the auctioneer proclaimed that it had never paid either tax or tithe, that it acknowledged neither king nor parliament, nor law civil or ecclesiastical, and that its proprietor was pope and emperor at once in his own scanty domain, he made a bid, and the island was knocked down to him. It turned out a good speculation. It paid its costs by the sale of rabbits; and whenever its purchaser chanced to have picked a quarrel with England and Ireland at the same time, it was a hermitage to which he could always retire and meditate. He planted there a small Irish colony, and drew up for them a very compendious code, including a quaint law of divorce in case of matrimonial disputes. In money matters he was adventurous and unlucky. He lost about £15,000 by cards, and then renounced them. He is said to have also lost about half the family property through some trivial offense given to his father. In other matters he was more fortunate. During the war he raised two regiments consisting of the sons of farmers, his own tenants and those of his neighbors, and bestowed a captain's commission on his only son, then a boy of five. I remember my father describing the pride with which he strutted about in his scarlet uniform, when the general rode out to review these regiments. "But where is the captain?" exclaimed the veteran. "Here I am," shouted the child. "But, my little man, you are too young to fight!" "Not at all," was the answer. "let the French land, and"—waving his sword in the air—"I will cut off their heads!" Alas! the hard-hearted Englishman "disbanded the captain," as the poor people described his act, and the youthful warrior lost forever the opportunity of humbling that "Corsican adventurer" who had called England a "nation of shopkeepers," and affirmed that the lions on her standard were only leopards.

My grandfather was the most popular of our country gentlemen, because he had a great love for the poor, and always helped them at a pinch. A very old tenant once told me many stories illustrating this side of his character. Here is one of them. A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction-fight. The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said: "Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked round the court, and then said sadly: "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out: "You are a queer boy that doesn't know a friend when you see him!" The boy was quick-witted; he answered: "Oh, then, 'tis myself that is proud to see your honor here this day!" "Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?" "I will, my lord," said my grandfather; "and what I can tell you is this—that from the very first day that ever I saw him to this minute, I never knew anything of him that was not very good." The old tenant ended his tale by striking his hands together and exclaiming, "And he never to have clapped his eye upon the boy till that minute!" The boy escaped being hanged. Such traits make a man popular in Ireland; and it is said that at his funeral the keening (funeral wail) for many a mile was such as had rarely been heard. Not long ago I came upon a letter from an English minister of the day, informing him that the patent for his peerage, an English one, was ready. It seems, however, that at the last moment he changed his mind and declined it. Possibly there was some one to whom "he would not give so much satisfaction" as that of seeing him take a peerage.

THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school: (.)

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
This little mark from school: (,)

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
These little marks from school: (:)

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure;
This little mark from school: (;)

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice—await replies";
To gather information tries
This little mark from school: (?)

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
This little mark from school: (!)

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to heed us,
Six little marks from school!

—*St. Nicholas.*

Death of a Kilkenny Man 120 Years Old.

A few days ago there died at Cluan, county Kilkenny, an old man named Thomas Kavanagh, a small farmer, who lived to the remarkable age of 120 years. Some say his age was 125, as he could tell of deeds which happened towards the close of the last century, and which could not be remembered unless by a person who was a young man 100 years ago. He used to tell, when in a communicative mood, of local events which occurred some years before the insurrection of 1798, and of the outrages which were perpetrated on the people, which eventually goaded them into rebellion. The scenes which followed the battle of Ross, the burnings, and pitch-cappings, he remembered as well as the many exciting events in Irish history which took place from the Union down to the present day. It was only at times that old Tom Kavanagh was in any way communicative, and unless he was in the humor, to discuss his age at all with him was a rather delicate subject. Up to the last he wore the costume of the Irish peasant of the old times—the knee breeches, buckled brogues and swallow-tailed coat. He was buried in the little graveyard of Cluan, and thus passed away one of the oldest men whom this side of the nineteenth century has known.

"BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR."

How Colonel D. B. Dailey Came Near Capturing a Whole Brigade.

Galloped Into the Midst of Gen. Hagood's Command, Seized the Colors, and Demanded a Surrender.

[*Omaha Bee.*]

That a single man could capture a regiment and take away its colors without assistance from any one would at first glance seem absurd, but Col. D. B. Daily of Council Bluffs bears the distinction of having performed such a coup d' guerre during the late war, and the circumstances are related in an exceedingly well written article in the August number of *McClure's Magazine* by Capt. T. J. Mackey. As the article stands, however, it robs Colonel Dailey of all the credit which naturally belongs to the man who performed "The Bravest Deed of the War," as the headline of the article calls it, and gives it to one James Bailey, who has never heretofore been heard of in these parts.

It was in the month of August, 1864, when the union forces were encamped around Petersburg, Va., under command of General Grant, preparing to sweep down upon the confederates under General Lee and wipe them out of existence. By command of General Lee the conflict was brought to a focus by a general attack upon the union forces behind their intrenchments. General Johnson Hagood was in command of the Southern troops, which were assigned to the right of the attack. In the engagement that ensued the issues were decidedly against the Southern troops.

The union forces were protected by almost impregnable intrenchments, in front of which was a deep ditch half full of water. The confederates made a gallant attack, rushing on the intrenchments with an enthusiasm born of despair. General Hagood's eye could see that an assault under such circumstances was hopeless and again and again he gave the command to halt, but the crash and rattle of fifteen pieces of artillery and 2,000 rifles, all at close range, drowned the sound of his voice. His men kept on their way toward the parapet without breaking their alignment, determined to carry their position.

Seeing his men bound to destruction and knowing that he was unable to stop them, General Hagood determined to brave death with them. Success was their only hope of safety, and he was urging his army on to the attack as energetically as a few minutes before he had been trying to call them back from annihilation, when a strange thing took place. The following is an extract from General Hagood's memoirs of the battle of Weldon Road:

"General Hagood was with Major Wilds, who was cheering his men on to a renewed assault, when, looking to the right, he saw a mounted federal officer among his men with a regimental color in his hands and a confusion and parleying around him that betokened approaching surrender. The fight was still raging at Hagood's right and left; there was no cessation on our part except in the squad just around this officer, and none whatever that was perceptible on the part of the enemy. They had pushed out from the right and left a line behind us to cut off our retreat and this officer (Captain Daily of General Cutter's staff) had galloped out of a sally port, seized a color from the hands of its bearer, and demanded a surrender.

"Some officers and men surrendered, but were not carried in; others refused, but just around him ceased fighting. General Hagood called to the men to shoot him and fall back in retreat. They either did not hear him, or, bewildered by the surrender of part of their number, failed to obey. It was a critical moment and demanded instant and decided action. In a few minutes the disposition to surrender would have spread and the whole brigade have been lost.

"Making his way across the intervening space as speedily as he could, exposed to a regular fire by the file from the enemy's line scarcely thirty yards off, and calling to his men to fall back, which they did not do, General Hagood approached the officer and demanded the colors, and that he should go back within his own lines, telling him he was free to do so. He commenced arguing the hopelessness of further struggle, and pointed out the line in our rear. Hagood cut him short and demanded a categorical reply—yes or no. Dailey was a man of fine presence, with long, flowing beard, and sat with loosened rein upon a noble-looking bay that stood with head and tail erect and flashing eye and distended nostrils, quivering in every limb with excitement, but not moving in his tracks. In reply to this abrupt demand the rider raised his head proudly, and decisively answered, no! Upon the word General Hagood shot him through the body, and as he reeled from the sadle on one side, sprang into it from the other. Orderly Stoney seizing the flag from his falling hands.

"There was no thought of surrender now; the yell from the brigade following the act and ringing out above the noise of battle told their commander that they were once more in hand and would go now whereever ordered—whether to the front or rear. Shouting to them to face about, Hagood led them at a run against the line in his rear, Stoney holding aloft in the front the captured flag, which he had torn from the staff. This line melted before our charge; but the fire was terrific, after breaking through it, until the shelter of the valley of the branch was reached. This ended the fighting for the possession of Weldon Road. The Confederate losses had been very insignificant until today, and now it was confined principally to our brigade. Grant had lost 5,000 men, but he had the road."

After the storm of battle had subsided the bodies were cleared away, and that of the gallant young captain who had played so conspicuous a part in the day's drama was removed to the field hospital. For days and weeks he lingered between life and death, spending two days in the field hospital and two weeks in the City Point hospital, after which he was removed to a hospital in Philadelphia. There he remained until four months from the time he had received his bullet wound, when he was pronounced well enough to go back to the field of battle.

Fifteen years later General Hagood learned for the first time that the bullet he had sent through the body of the man who had dared call upon a brigade of South Carolinians to surrender, had not proved fatal. This happened through a letter he received from Colonel Dailey, as he is now known, describing the circumstances attending their unpleasant meeting at Weldon Road so long before, and requesting him to certify that the wound from which he had been suffering through all the years that intervened had been sustained while in the discharge of his duty. This letter was written Aug. 1, 1879, and was answered ten days later. General Hagood sent the certificates asked for, and in the course of his letter said: "Your act was the bravest that I have ever known or read of in military annals. Nor was it an act of mere inconsiderate rashness, for, in my deliberate judgment, had I not interposed as I did, my entire brigade of veterans might have surrendered to your single arm."

What purports to be a copy of the letter written by Colonel Dailey to the General is priated in full in the magazine article already referred to, but it is grossly inaccurate in several particulars. Its date is some five months later than it should be, it bears the signature of James Bailey instead of D. B. Dailey, and the latter's title is given as "Late Captain, Fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry," instead of "Late Lieutenant Colonel, Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, [illegible] Iowa regiment in the Army of the Potomac when it fought at Weldon Road on Aug. 21, 1864, so that the title of "Captain of the Fourth Iowa volunteers," which is accorded Bailey, is a mistake on its face.

When the magazine article first appeared a few days ago Col. J. H. Keatley, superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Marshaltown and an intimate friend of Colonel Dailey, called his attention to it and asked him for the necessary data in order that he might correct the wrong impressions to which it would give rise. The fact that it was Dailey and no one else who took part in the sensational affair is attested by numerous historical works on the Civil War, among others Moore's Rebellion Record, which is in the public library, "Military Operations of General Beauregard," by Alfred Roman, and in the official reports of both General Hagood of the Confederate army and General Warren of the Union.

It was at first supposed that the magazine article was written with a view to robbing Colonel Dailey of some of the honor he has been frequently awarded for his part in the affair. A little more investigation, however, shows that the letter in which the credit of the capture of the flag is taken by James Bailey must have been composed by Captain Machey from memory, for if he had had the original manuscript before him the mistakes could not have occurred.

It is only justice to Colonel Dailey to set right the magazine writer, for all who are familiar with the history of the great rebellion must admit that the spectacle of one man rushing out and overtowering a whole regiment, taking their colors away from them by a sheer exhibition of what in these later days would be called "nerve," is a unique one. Whether it be considered an unnecessary risk of life or not, one cannot help admiring the dauntless courage of the man who undertook to put down the rebellion with one stroke and that a single-handed one. The longer false reports are allowed to go uncorrected the more likely it is that future generations will credit the deed to some other than he who deserves the credit, and no one wishes to see a man who has always been a fighter, both in the forum and on the field, robbed of his just dues.

How's This!

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Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

LINED WITH DEAD.

The Path of the Red Destroyer of Hinckley.

SIGHTS SEEN BY A RELIEF PARTY.

A Whole Family Found Dead in Their Cellar, and One of the Victims in the Attitude of Prayer.

LOSS OF LIFE NOW STATED AT 364.

A List of 282 Names of Those Who Perished at Hinckley and Other Points—Remarkable Escape of Cattle and Horses—Burial of the Bodies—Sixty Dead at Sandstone, with the Names of the Identified—Coming of the Flames—River the Only Refuge.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 4.—A Pine City special to The Pioneer Press says: Words cannot tell the story of death and destruction that is revealed to the traveler on the St. Paul and Duluth railway from Mission Creek to two miles above the little town of Miller, or Sandstone Junction. The awfulness of the desolation which strikes upon the eye of the observer as he reaches the camp which was once the town of Hinckley is still more strongly impressed on his vision as he journeys northward. Sunday morning the smoke had lifted, revealing a landscape bare and black, the few standing trees being charred to a height of forty feet, while the ground was of that peculiar tint of brown sand mixed with gunpowder, for the grass had been burned even to the roots. And here and there in the black and dreary stretches of country was seen the body of a deer whose fleet feet had not been able to outrun the flames; or of a human being who had been absolutely powerless against the grim destroyer.

With Hands Upraised in Prayer.

A Pioneer Press man accompanied Judge Nethaway, of Stillwater, and the members of a relief party which started with a handcar loaded with provisions to relieve the people of Sandstone, who were reported in great distress. Two miles above Hinckley they found lying by the trunk of a tree the body of a man which was evidently that of a lumberman. The relief party a little later learned that relief was not needed at Sandstone. The party therefore resolved itself into one of search for bodies of victims of the disaster. The house of John Robinson was near Skunk lake, in the edge of the woods, and the family sought refuge in the cellar. There was no escape from the fire, and the party found the bodies of John Robinson and his wife, Mary Robinson, their eldest daughter, and two smaller children. All the clothing was burned from the bodies, but the victims had evidently been suffocated before the flames reached them. The hands of the eldest daughter were upraised with palms together in an attitude of prayer.

Otto Rowley's Fatal Mistake.

Within 600 yards of the spot where Engineer Root stopped his train was a long trench running from the little body of water which proved a place of safety for the passengers on the limited to a swamp on the lake. Following along this trench the party came upon the partly-clothed body of a man who in personal appearance corresponded to the description of General Passenger and Freight Agent Otto Rowley, of the Duluth and Winnipeg railroad. An examination of the dead man's shirt collar showed the name O. Rowley and it is supposed that he was a passenger on the limited, and in taking to the ditch expected to reach the lake. Had he remained in the shallow body of water by the side of the burning train he would have saved his life.

Other bodies found by the party were those of a man and a woman who had evidently fled from a farm house near by, and the bodies of two men who are supposed to have been passengers on the burned train.

CORRECTED ESTIMATE OF DEAD.

The Total Not Likely to Go as High as 400—Names of Unfortunates.

The latest verified reports of the number of dead do not materially alter the estimate of The Pioneer Press of Sunday. In fact, that estimate is proving remarkably exact, considering the confusion of the first day. The tendency of the occasion, bad as it is, is to exaggeration. The number of dead at Hinckley is placed at 200. The Pioneer Press correspondent has actually counted 194 of these, and the margin allowed is about all that is necessary.

The figures are as follows: Hinckley, 200; Sandstone, 62; Miller, 12; between Skunk Lake and Miller, 12; Pokegama, 28; in lumber camps and scattering, estimated, 50; total, 364.

The following is the list of the known dead at Hinckley, partially identified, so far as known at this writing: Mr. and Mrs. Abbey and two children; Mrs. Dan Donahue and her three children; John Weslund and child; Mr. and Mrs. John Rodgers and three children; Mr. and Mrs. Mike Curry and boy; —— Sherman; Paul Leake; Mrs. McIver and four children; Thomas Dunn; Mrs. Blanchard and two children; Mrs. Martin Martinson and four children; Axel Hanson and mother; Mrs. Catherine Grissinger; Callie Grissinger, aged 6; Mabel Grissinger, aged 3; Mr. and Mrs. William Ginder and two boys; Winnifred Ginder, aged 6; G. G. Anderson; Mrs. Hans Paulson and four children; Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and two children; Henry Hanson; Emil Anderson; Nels Robertson, wife and two children; Mary Robinson; Otto Rowley, of Duluth; Israel Schurmski, of Chicago: —— Rickettson, of Minneapolis; David Kane, of Rock Creek; Mr. and Mrs. John Best; George Best, Fred Best, Will Best, Bertha Best and Victor Best—aged from 25 to 8 years; Mrs. Anthony Weigel; Minnie Weigel, aged 3; Miss Annie Truttman, of Diamond Bluff, Wis.; Dr. Kelcy, of New Brighton; —— Lambeson; William Nesbitt; Mr. and Mrs. John Burke and two children; Mr. and Mrs. L. Reynolds and two children; Jim Bean; Hans Mattison; Sandy Henderson and John Henderson, of Pine City; Thomas Jones; Charles Hanson; Dennis Riley; John Anderson, wife and two children; Peter Robertson; Louis Nelson; Emma Dolan; Belle O'Brien; Anna Wallace; Mrs. Costigan and three children; William Pinnohr; Patrick Murphy; Henry Hoffman and wife, of Sandstone; Mrs. John McNamara and one child.

HOW DID THE STOCK ESCAPE?

Many Horses and Cattle Get Through Unscathed in Some Unknown Manner.

One of the marvellous circumstances of the occasion is the escape of so many cattle and horses. Many were absolutely unscathed, though no one can tell how they escaped the ordeal of fire. Others were pitifully burned, and steps are tardily being taken to put them out of their misery. The animals were without food until late yesterday afternoon, when the relief train brought up some hay; and the cows were in great suffering, not having been milked for two days. This morning the carcasses of the dead animals which were becoming very offensive are being put out of the way by burial or burning.

The most blessed thing that has happened hereabouts was the rain that fell yesterday morning and the hope was universal that the forest fires of the year were at an end. But the rain stopped before it had quenched the fires. A strong breeze swept up from the south and soon the flames which had been quenched were fanned to a blaze and hundreds of columns of smoke began to ascend from the woods. The fire will not be out for many a day unless there are heavy rains; but there is no danger, as the underbrush is burned out clean, and there is no possibility of spread. The intensity and insatiability of the fire can be seen from the fact that corduroy fills where the logs were buried under several feet of earth are entirely eaten out, the fire eating its way through under the entire width of road.

Under the supervision of F. G. Webber, of Pine City, who stood to his work like a brick, sixty-five unidentified dead were interred in the trenches; fifty-six more were put in boxes and thirteen were buried by their friends, making a total of 134 bodies handled at the cemetery. Mr. Webber says he has reports of fifty-one bodies all ready for burial today and this number will grow every hour. The bodies found after today must be buried where found. It will be impossible to move them, as they are literally falling to pieces.

REPAIRING THE DEVASTATION.

Relief Well Under Way and the Railways Restoring Connections.

The first thought of the officials of the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad company was to care for the unfortunate people along its line who had lost everything they owned; the second was to restore the operation of through service between St. Paul and Duluth. The first task well under way and its completion placed in the hands of competent committees, the company at once set to work upon the herculanean task of opening its lines between Mission Creek and Miller. E. L. Brown, master of transportation, began a systematic attempt to straighten out the crooked rails, build bridges, repair culverts and replace the burned ties, of which there were literally thousands.

With a work train and an efficient crew Mr. Brown rebuilt the burned bridge over the Grindstone river at Hinckley, put in new ties and worked the line gradually north. In the meantime Yardmaster Williams, of the Duluth yards, had a work train pushing its way down toward the center of the difficulty, which was at the spot where Engineer Root stopped the Duluth limited on Saturday night. By noon the crew of Yardmaster Williams, the men who relieved the sufferers at Sandstone, had pushed down to this point and had the track in working order to the bridge which was burned.

The force was a large one, and in a couple of hours the bridge was built and the big engine of the limited, which had been left on the track, was pushed down to Hinckley. The tender of the limited engine was tipped off the track, as it was wrecked beyond repair, and was left to add to the general ruin. At 5:25 the two work trains met, and at 6 o'clock last night the line was open from St. Paul to Duluth, and the regular Duluth train passed Hinckley about 7 o'clock, somewhat behind time, but running through without mishap.

During the afternoon at Pine City the arrangements for systematic aid were taken in hand by H. H. Hart, of the board of corrections and charities, acting as registrar. Mr. Hart was equipped with blanks for the registration of the name of the applicant for aid, and his wife, their birth places, their children, residence and length of time in Minnesota, occupation; whether he owns his home; if mortgaged, for how much; amount of insurance; what property left, and its value; address of friends; financial ability; needs, and where the applicant desires to go.

The matter was attended to in great detail. Mr. Hart started in at about 2 o'clock and during the day registered seventy heads of families, representing upwards of 200 persons. The work will continue until all are registered. The matter of specific relief in each case will then be taken up by the executive committee and the funds and supplies at their command will be apportioned in accordance with the needs of each and the ability to supply them.

On the afternoon train arrived the committee appointed by the citizens of Minneapolis. It consisted of Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Hon. C. M. Loring, George N. Marchant, Hon. F. G. McMillen, Alderman Gray, W. H. Rendell, and G. P. Clark. In the evening this committee was met at the hotel by Messrs. Hurley, Hodge, and J. F. Stone, of the local committee; Bishop Gilbert, H. H. Hart, and J. T. Mannix. The Minneapolis gentlemen were in search of information upon which the Minneapolis people could base their relief operations. Dr. Hoyt speedily drafted a report which he submitted to the assembled gentlemen for their approval.

The report contains an estimate of the population of the burned towns as follows: Hinckley, 1,000; Sandstone, 300; Mission Creek, 100; Brook Park, or Pokegama, 113; Partridge, 100.

From this number about 400 are to be deducted as dead, and with a further deduction of those able to help themselves, leaving about 800 to be relieved in various ways, by contributions of transportation money, clothing, and household utensils and lumber. The latter should be of all grades from rough lumber to sash and doors.

A general contribution will be recommended in all the churches next Sunday. No particular effort will be made to force a large subscription, but the generosity of the people will be allowed to show itself in natural channels. The following physicians accompanied the Minneapolis party: Drs. C. G. Higbee, Fitzgerald, Moore, McDonald, Leepert, Norton, of Minneapolis, and Perkins, of Excelsior. Their services were in great demand and the hospital patients received the care for which many of them were sadly suffering.

It is the intention this morning to start out searching parties in all directions to find the scattered dead and the physicians will accompany them. The committee proper will leave for Minneapolis on the early morning train, and a citizens' meeting will be called at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to which they will report.

Supplies of all sorts—clothing, bedding, food, and especially medical supplies, such as would be of use in the treatment of burns—all such demands will have been largely supplied before help can arrive from farther away, and any relief that may be sent from other parts of the country would be most appreciated if in the shape of clothing, or food, or money that will buy both. The governor has issued an appeal for aid.

SIXTY CORPSES AT SANDSTONE.

A List of the Identified Dead—How the Destroyer Swooped Down.

DULUTH, Sept. 4.—A relief train has returned to Duluth bearing 227 survivors of the burning of Sandstone. One hundred and fifty people were left and a second train was sent out for them. Sixty bodies were found in the little towns scattered about everywhere. No attempt had been made to bury them and they are rotting in the hot sun. One building is all that remains at Partridge; everything was burned, but as far as can be learned only one life was lost.

The list of the dead at Sandstone and Sandstone Junction, as nearly as could be gotten from the survivors who reached the train, is as follows: P. England, wife and seven children; —— Johnson, wife, children and brother-in-law; E. Edstrom's family of six—Edstrom himself is badly, if not fatally, burned; H. Hoffman and wife; Alfred Broad, wife and family of three children; August Anderson and son, died in the pump house; C. F. Anderson, wife and two children; Mrs. August Anderson; Peter Kahn, wife and three children; Gustave Anderson, wife and two children; H. Lind's wife and five children—Lind was fatally burned, but is still alive; Mr. Greenfield's wife and six children; Bridge Watchman Donmuth, so badly burned that he committed suicide; Emil Peterson.

They found a mother in the yard with her children clasped in her arms. Many others were found in Sandstone and remained unidentified. All those saved at Sandstone were in the river while the cyclone of flames passed, and only managed to escape by wading into the water as far as possible and then throwing water over each other's heads. The coming of the flames sounded like thunder, and with such rapidity did they come that people who lingered to save property or neglected to seek safety in the river perished. As far as could be learned between forty and fifty bodies were scattered about the streets burned to a crisp. The relief committee had paid but little attention to bodies, as the living required immediate attention.

FIRE LOSSES IN WISCONSIN.

No Lives Lost, but Damage to Timber and Farms Is Enormous.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 4.—Reports at 7 o'clock last night from all towns along the south shore to the Wisconsin state line say that they are all safe, though there are literally hundreds of fires in the vast belt of timber. The dense pall of smoke which has overhung the city for two days has largely disappeared before a brisk southwest wind. There have been no great calamities in the region, but scores, if not hundreds, of homesteaders have lost all they possessed, and the damage to timber has been enormous.

Competent and conservative men estimate the standing pine over which the fire has run at not less than 150,000,000 feet. Of this about two-thirds belonged to the Diamond Match company and about one-sixth to the Nester estate. This timber is not all destroyed, but the rest will have to be cut this year to save it from worms. This fact has already operated to raise wages of experienced loggers about one-forth and will make this season a very active one in the woods.

Advices received from Nestoria report heavy rains there and westward. This will materially check the forest fires and in general will put the whole district out of danger. Specials to The Sentinel from Cadott and Fifield deny the reports that those places have been visited by forest fires.

Rib Lake, Wisconsin, in Peril.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Sept. 4.—It is feared that the little town of Rib Lake, in Taylor county, population 520, will be destroyed, although the fire engine and crew from Chippewa Falls have gone to fight the fire. The Rib Lake Lumber company, with mills and an immense tannery, is located at that point. The danger to Cadot is thought over; also to Cartwright and Rice Lake. At Long Lake, a summer resort, the cottage of the late General George C. Ginty was destroyed. At least seven railroad bridges on the north division of the Omaha between Chippewa Falls and Superior have been destroyed.

Forest Fires in Pennsylvania.

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 4.—Forest fires are raging all along the line of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railroad. Reports from all points on the narrow gauge roads state that the woods are on fire for miles and that the damage will be heavy unless rain should fall.

An Appeal for Relief.

MADISON, Wis., Sept. 4.—The governor has issued an appeal for the relief of the burned out people at Barronette, Granite Lake and Comstock where 300 families are suffering. No fatalities are reported. He goes to the scene with a carload of food and clothing today.

Benoit Is Wiped Out.

ASHLAND, Wis., Sept. 4.—A straggler who walked in from Benoit says that everything is gone there but the mill and lumber. Fires have passed around on all sides and there is no more danger of the inhabitants being burned.

Rain Stops Michigan Blazes.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Sept. 4.—There has been a heavy downfall of rain throughout the fire belt. Trainmen arriving from the north last night report the fires are under check and that the danger to towns is passed.

Democrats of Colorado Agree.

DENVER, Sept. 4.—The two factions of the Democratic party held a state convention here and agreed on a platform and state ticket which satisfied both factions. The party now stands united for the following ticket: Justice of the supreme court, Vincent D. Markham; governor, C. S. Thomas; lieutenant governor, W. J. West; secretary of state, Dr. Ernest Meyen auditor, J. A. Swan; treasurer, C. Barela.

Car Works Shut Down.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 4.—The Michigan Peninsular Car works, which have been employing 1,300 men recently, have shut down indefinitely. The cause is the entire lack of orders and the completion of the contracts on hand.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

PRINCETON, Ills., Sept. 4.—The chief engineer of the war department has confirmed the contracts for the first three miles of the Hennepin canal. William Calahan of Omaha gets the first and second miles. The price for the first mile is 9.93 cents a cubic yard, and the second 5.73 cents. The third mile was awarded to Edward Phalen at 10 cents. For the fourth mile three firms are tie at 9 cents a cubic yard. They are Edward Phalen, Kimball & Cobb, and Malory, Cushing & Co. It has not yet been decided how the award will be determined. Over twenty firms bid on each mile. The contract for making four lock ecxavations and laying the foundations was let to Mull & Doam of Aurora for $50,000.

William Calahan was notified by the government of the acceptance of his bid and unloaded six cars of mules at Bureau, as well as a quantity of implements, where he will commence operations by putting 200 men at work. The excavations will be made entirely by animal power, thus giving employment to about three times as many men as when steam dredges are used. Bureau has been over run with men for several days. So many have come in that a tenting ground has been established east of the city, there not being enough boarding houses in the city to accommodate them.

Contractor Calahan estimates that he can complete the work on the first two miles in from sixty to ninety days. The first mile lies in the flats of the Illinois river that are overflowed during high water and it will be necessary to have that portion of the work completed before cold weather sets in. The second mile is subject to overflow in the spring and necessarily must be completed before that time. The contract for the second four miles will be let the last of this month and those for the third four miles section early in December.

Caught on a Railway Bridge.

FULTON, Ills., Sept. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McEnery and four children were fishing at Johnson creek, about four miles north of this city. They were on the bridge over the stream. Mrs. McEnery started to cross the bridge with the children. Her daughter warned her not to cross, as there was a passenger train due about that time. She succeeded, however, in getting all the children but one when she was struck by the engine and herself and child were killed.

Bankers Will Pay the Strike Troops.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 4.—The adjutant general has been notified that the following national guard companies have been paid their money for strike services by banks, etc.: Company K, $2,737.76 and H, $2,440.69, Third, Rockford; M, Rochelle, $2,582.43; battery A, Danville, $1,176.15; G, Fifth, Lincoln, $1,071.21; M, Fifth, Canton, $1,204.68; D, Fifth, Champaign, $1,377.33; Third brigade headquarters, Aurora, $1,679.18; D and I, Third, Aurora, $2,540.26; and $2,676.33.

Cost of the Strike in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 1.—All the militia pay rolls for service during the coal and railway strikes of this year are now in and the adjutant general has given out the footings. The pay rolls aggregate $244,457.87. The state has been able to pay only about $30,000, so that the militia must depend on public-spirited citizens for the balance of the $214,430.08, if they get it before the legislature convenes.

Illinois Firemen's Tournament.

EDWARDSVILLE, Aug. 31.—The Illinois state firemen's sixth annual tournament has closed. More than 5,000 people were present at the closing contests. A. J. Graff, of Dixon, won the silver cup for the 50-yards foot race in 7 seconds; Effingham won first prize and championship in the hose race; Monmouth the hook and ladder race, beating the record; Effingham the hub and hub race.

Another Strike at Spring Valley.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Sept. 4.—Another strike is on in Spring Valley. This time it is the trappers, and while they only number about 100 boys, 1,800 men will be idle until they return to work. The cause of the strike is a reduction of wages. General Manager Dalzell wants to cut the boys 5 cents a day and the little fellows say they won't stand it.

Illinois Town Burned.

GIBSON, Sept. 3.—The town of Roberts, fourteen miles north of this city, burned. The fire originated in one of the grain elevators and twelve business houses were consumed before it was under control. Only about six business houses are standing. The loss is estimated at about $50,000.

The Jealous Murderer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 1.—John Spence, enraged by jealousy, terribly beat his wife and was endeavoring to cut her throat when neighbors interfered. Later he cut his own throat badly, but may recover.

State Items.

Attorney General Moloney of Illinois proposes to contest the right of the Pullman company to sell liquors on its dining cars.

A horse jumped upon Alexander Ball of Memphis, Ills., and injured him fatally, breaking his backbone.

Norman Nichols was scalded to death at Joliet, Ills., and Henry Burke severely burned. Both were boilermakers.

The banks of Champaign, Ill., have agreed to cash the payroll of Company D, Fifth infantry.

James H. Gilbert was chosen treasurer of the Illinois Republican central committee.

Harry Lay, aged 38, a farm laborer, committed suicide a Monmouth, Ills., by taking poison. Despondency over losing his position was the cause.

It is said the new Atlas distillery soon to be built at Peoria, Ills., will be the largest institution of the kind in the world and will be run outside of the trust. It will have a capacity of 8,000 bushels of grain per day.

Dan Kelly, aged 16 years, of Lexington, Ills., fell under an Alton train and was killed.

Attorney General Moloney has ruled that Populists in nearly all Illinois districts must file petitions in order to get their candidates upon the official ballot.

Pay rolls of the Illinois militia for services during the strikes have reached the adjutant general. They aggregate $244,457.87.

GENERAL BANKS DEAD.

Relieved from His Suffering After a Lengthy Illness.

WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 3.—General Nathanial Prentiss Banks is dead. He has been ill for two years with brain trouble. About ten weeks ago the malady took such a firm hold that his family removed him to Deer Isle, Me., hoping the change would benefit him. It proved of

GENERAL N. P. BANKS.

no avail, however, and two weeks ago General Banks was taken to the McLean asylum at Somerville. A day or two ago he began to fail rapidly and he became unable to recognize even his own family. It was thought best to remove him to his home and this was done, but he died shortly after, his wife and daughter Maud being at his bedside. The other members of the family had been telegraphed for but did not arrive in time to see the general alive.

GOVERNOR WAITE GUILTLESS.

The Others Mixed Up in the Conspiracy Held to the Grand Jury.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—United States Commissioner Hinsdale heard testimony for the defense in the hearing in the charge against Governor Waite, President Mullins of the fire and police board, Chief of Police Armstrong and Police Matron Dwyer of conspiring to withhold from ex-Matron Likens a letter for her. The court room was crowded. Governor Waite was the first witness called. At the conclusion of the arguments Commissioner Hinsdale rendered his decision as follows:

"These four defendants are charged with an offense against two sections of the laws relating to conspiracy and the taking and retaining of a letter belonging to another. It is shown by the evidence that a letter did come to the city hall, the envelope of which was addressed to the 'Police Matron,' but the letter itself was addressed to 'Mrs. Likens.'

"Mrs. Dwyer, as one of the matrons, had a perfect right to open and read this letter, but should have at once delivered it to the person to whom it was addressed instead of taking it to the chief of police. It has not been clearly shown there was a conspiracy between the defendants to injure Mrs. Likens, but the retaining and withholding of the letter from her was clearly a violation of law. While Gov. Waite read the letter he could not help this, and the evidence against him is so doubtful as to showing that he retained the letter, or had anything to do with it being withheld from Mrs. Likens that I cannot consider him guilty of any offense against the law.

"The other defendants, however, retained the letter for a period of time and eventually used its contents to injure Mrs. Liken's character. So far as the defendants Armstrong, Dwyer and Mullins are concerned I will hold them to the United States grand jury in the sum of $500 each and the defendant Waite is hereby discharged."

THE STRIKE COMMISSION.

Its Labors Being Finished the Members Leave Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—The labors of the strike commission in this city have been finished and the members of the commission have departed from the city. Just before taking his train Judge Worthington said: "Our investigation has been in every way satisfactory to the commission. All whom we supoenaed to appear as witnesses complied, apparently, without displeasure and gave us all the important information asked for. We next meet in Washington Sept. 25 and during the month following we expect to present our report.

"Before we meet each of the commissioners will go over the testimony and the statistics offered, so that when we come together we will be ready to begin figuring up conclusions at once. A learned gentleman of Chicago told me he thought this question before us a greater one than that settled by the civil war. It certainly is a great problem and we are only now at the beginning of the solution. Our commission is the first under the crude law which authorizes its existence and necessarily our task is a hard one. We will do our best to offer a report which will contain something tangible and beneficial in suggestions looking toward a settlement of the conflict between capital and labor."

Another Populist Chicago Ticket.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—The faction of Labor-Populists which did not agree to the proceedings of the convention held a week ago met at Bricklayers' hall and put up another ticket called the People's Party Populists. The principal nominees are: For sheriff, William P. Nilsson; county treasurer, Theodore Oehne; county judge, Frank Scales; probate judge, A. W. Atwood; county clerk, Roger C. Sullivan; probate court, W. L. Howard; criminal court clerk, Chris Larson.

Woman Voters Cause a Riot.

VINELAND, N. J., Sept. 3.—An election was held in Berfield township to decide certain items as to school supplies in the district. The women wanted to vote, and tried to assert their supposed rights at the polls. This caused much bad blood, which finally resulted in a small riot. Knives and pistols were called into use, and one man was painfully wounded and several others injured.

Laundry Boiler Explodes.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Sept. 3.—The boiler in the Riverside laundry exploded, demolishing the bank building and seriously injuring Miss Kiana, Mr. Plowright and two others. The machinery is completely destroyed, also a neighboring dye house. Loss $5,000.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Senator Stewart of Nevada is named as co-respondent in the divorce suit filed by Charles L. Glasscock against his wife. Senator Stewart says it is a case of blackmail.

The expense to Illinois caused by the calling out of the militia during the late strike is placed by the adjutant general at $350,000.

Herman L. Chase, recently at the First National bank at Spokane, was arrested at Tacoma, Wash., charged with theft. Chase's friends say it is either blackmail or the accused is insane.

James Doherty, one of the tramps said to have killed Conductor Richard Goggin near Jefferson Junction, Wis., has been captured.

Charles Bierbower, a noted crook, escaped from the city jail at Wapakoneta, Ohio.

A human skeleton was found near Guthrie, O. T., in a solid rock at a depth of thirteen feet.

* * *

A bulletin of the census bureau shows that liens amounting to $47,678,132 exist on owned farms in Nebraska. Debts on owned homes aggregate $15,216,682.

Jacob J. Noel, who had been pardoned after serving fourteen years of a life sentence for murder, attempted suicide at Chicago because a lawyer had obtained judgement against him.

The Chinese forces, aided by 5,000 Coreans, are reported to have defeated the Japanese, who retreated to Kaiseng.

The contest which almost caused bloodshed between Omaha's crack militia companies, the Rifles and the Guards, over the governor's cup, the prize of the state encampment, has been settled by a court-martial awarding the prize to the Guards.

Miss Lulu Russell, 14 years old, daughter of a farmer, was killed by an engine near Pomeroy, O.

Shinichiro Kurino, the new Japanese minister, has presented his credentials to President Cleveland.

* * *

Frank Barry was shot and probably mortally wounded by John Parker at Chicago as the result of a row over a game of cards.

Sid Cooke, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of Kansas, is laid up with a broken leg, having sustained the injury while playing lawn tennis.

Mrs. Philip Loehr of Warsaw, Ind., was bitten by a rattlesnake and her life is dispaired of.

John Jones, an Elwood, Ind., tinplate worker, has fallen heir to $4,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Wales.

It is said ex-Secretary Whitney has been seen by Mayor Gilroy and has consented to accept the Democratic nomination for governor of New York.

Out of work and despondent, M. F. Brinton, a well-known hotel clerk at Chicago, committed suicide at the Great Northern by taking morphine.

* * *

In a base ball game between Minneapolis and Indianapolis at Minneapolis, a total of fifty-six runs and fifty-nine base hits were made.

Mrs. C. F. Wilson was fatally burned in a gasoline stove explosion at the Merriam hotel, Omaha.

It has been discovered at Chicago that the same right of way has been granted rival surface railways on Seventy-fifth street.

It is claimed there is a defect in the sugar schedule of the tariff bill admitting adulterated goods cheaper than the pure article.

Vice President Stevenson has arrived at Sorento, Me., and will spend the remainder of the season there.

* * *

Jame Brown was waylaid and robbed near Marshall, Mo., of two horses and $200 in cash.

Charles Bauer of Rushville, Ind., was beheaded by a Big Four yard engine at Springfield, O. Both his legs and arms were cut off. He was deaf.

The Alaska salmon catch, it is estimated, will this year reach nearly 600,000 cases.

Albert Stout, aged 40, is under arrest at Wilmington, Del., for the murder two years ago of Kate Dugan, who was found with her throat cut.

James Gregory, living near Shanghai, Ind., was called to his door in the night and shot dead. Horace Loomis, his cousin, has been arrested for the crime.

Indians are committing depredations in Owyhee county, Ida. They have killed a Chinaman, and settlers are somewhat alarmed.

An explosion of natural gas wrecked the power-house of the Citizens' Street Railway company at Indianapolis and injured the fireman and engineer.

* * *

Three young men have been arrested in Seneca Falls, N. Y., charged with having destroyed property worth $300,000 by fire.

Because of bad health, James Coulson, a prominent man of Webster City, Ia., killed himself by shooting.

James Rowan, aged 65, brother of a Chicago police officer, was found dead in the Chicago river.

Polish Catholics at Omaha were swindled out of $22,000 by their priest and locked out of church by the bishop.

Paul Wachter, faith cure healer of Chicago, has been arrested on a charge of swindling.

Robert Blaine, brother of the late secretary, has been appointed to a $900 clerkship in the library of congress. He was appointed without political influence.

The first ocean cable ever laid in New York bay has just been put down by the Commercial Cable company.

Pure Blood

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Very Painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

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and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

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Hood's Pills are the best. 25c. per box.

TWO SOLDIERS.

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER VII.

Lane was awake with the sun on Friday morning, and lay for a few moments listening to the twittering of the sparrows about his window sills, and watching the slanting, rosy red shafts of light that streamed through the intervals in the Venetian blinds. "Does it augur bright fortune? Does it mean victory? Is it like the 'sun of Austerlitz?'" were the questions that crowded through his brain. Today—today she was to "be down for a little while in the afternoon," and then she "hoped to be able to thank him. Could she?" Ten thousand times over and over again she could, if she would but whisper one little word—Yes—in answer to his eager question. It lacked hours yet until that longed for afternoon could come. It was not 5 o'clock; but more sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendezvous. It was after 10 when he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat coldly and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand, and then the captain hastened to the club and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half past 12 was closeted with the junior partner of the tottering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was pale and nervous. Every click of the "ticker" seemed to make him start. A clerk stood at the instrument watching the rapidly dotted quotations.

"Have you heard from Mr. Vincent?" was the first question, and without a word a telegram was handed to him. It was in cipher, as he saw at once, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refuses. Watch market closely. See Warden instant touches half. Break predicted here."

"Twenty minutes more!" groaned Clark, as he buried his face in his hands. "Twenty minutes more of this awful suspense!"

"What was the last report?" asked Lane in a low voice.

"Ninety-eight and a quarter. My God! Think of it! Three-quarters of a cent between us and beggary! I could bear it, but not Vincent; 'twould kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp tap at the glazed door; the clerk's head was thrust in:

"Three-eighths, sir."

"It's time to move, then," said Lane. "I cannot follow you to the floor—I have no ticket; but I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Vincent has told you— Better have it in treasury notes—one hundred each—had you not?"

"I'll see Warden at once. D—n him! he would sell us out with no more compunctions than he would shoot a hawk."

"You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from the office.

"Not an atom! He made old Rossiter what he is—hauled him out of the depths, set him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him east with a fortune that he has trebled since in Wall street, and now, by heaven! the cold blooded brute will not lend him a pitiful twenty thousand."

At the bank Lane found an unusual number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Telegraph boys would rush in every now and then with dispatches for various parties, and these were eagerly opened and read. Scraps of low, earnest conversation reached him, as he stood a silent watcher. "They cannot stand it another day." "They've been raining wheat on them from every corner of the north and west. No gang can stand under it." "It's bound to break," etc. To an official of the bank who knew him well he showed the telegram he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise.

"Do you want this now, captain? Surely you are not"——

"No, I'm not, most emphatically," replied Lane, with a quiet laugh. "Yet I may have sudden use for that sum. I telegraphed to my agents at Cheyenne yesterday. You, perhaps, ought to wire at once and verify it."

"Those are our bank rules, and I presume it will be done; though of course we know"——

"Never mind. I much prefer you should, and at once." And, leaving the man of business to attend to the necessary formality, Lane strolled to a window and looked down the crowded street towards the massive building in which the desperate grapple 'twixt bull and bear was at its height. The day was hot; men rushed by, mopping their fevered brows; a throng of people had gathered near the broad entrance to the chamber, and all its windows were lowered to secure free and fresh currents of air. Lane fancied he could hear the shouts of the combatants in the pit even above the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels upon the stone pavement. Little by little the minute hand was stealing to the vertical, and still no sign from Clark. "Has she touched a half yet?" he heard one man eagerly ask another as they dived into the broker's office underneath.

"Not yet; but I'm betting she does in side of five minutes and reaches ninety-nine first thing to-morrow."

At last boom went the great bell—a single, solemn stroke. There was a rush of men for the street, a general scurry towards the great board of trade building, a rapidly increasing crowd along the curbstones as the members came pouring out, and brokers and their customers hurried away towards numberless little offices all over the neighborhood. Dozens of them passed along under his post of observation, some flushed, some deathly pale, and finally Clark himself appeared and Lane hastened forth to meet him.

"Saved by a mere squeak so far," was the almost breathless whisper as Clark removed his hat and wiped his clammy forehead. "But we know not what a day may bring forth. It's a mere respite."

"Can the syndicate carry any more weight, think you? Prices jumped up two and three weeks ago. Now they only climb a hair's breadth at a time. I hear they are loaded down—that it must break; but I'm no expert in these matters."

"If you were, you'd be wise to keep out of it. Who can say whether they will break or not? It is what everybody confidently predicted when eighty-nine was touched twelve days ago; and look at it!"

"Do you go back to the office from here? Good! I'll join you there in ten minutes," said Lane, "for I shall not come down town this afternoon, and may not be able to in the morning."

And when Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., he brought with him a stout little packet, which, after the exchange of a few words and a scrap or two of paper, Mr. Clark carefully stowed in the innermost compartment of the big safe. Then he grasped Lane's hand in both of his as the captain said good-by.

That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincent's door, and it was almost instantly opened by the smiling Abigail, whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before, yet lacked the courage to proffer a greenback. Lane was indeed little versed in the ways of the world, however well he might be informed in his profession.

"Miss Vincent is in the library, sir, if you will please to walk that way," was her brief communication; and the captain, trembling despite his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the broad hall, and there, hurrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held forth her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very sad and pale and that her eyes were red with weeping.

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she murmured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells me you know—the worst."

"Mr. Vincent has honored me with his confidence, dear lady; and I—saw Mr. Clark today."

She looked up eagerly: "What news had he from New York? Did he tell you?—about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I knew perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's hopes and expectations were in going."

"There was a telegram. I fear that he was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but the money was not needed up to the closing of the board at 1 o'clock."

"I am not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their real characters—father and son. I would rather go and live in a hovel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—that this wretched speculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls.

"That may have been so when he wrote; but Mr. Clark seems to have had a little better luck locally. I infer from what he told me that they were safe for today and could meet the raise of that critical cent or two; so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And—and you come to us in the midst of our troubles! Mr. Vincent was so touched by your writing first to him; it brought back old days, old times, old fashions, that he loved to recall—days when he, too, was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs. Vincent?—even though I am only a soldier and have so little to offer her beyond—beyond"——

But he could not finish. He had looked into her face with such eager hope and delight when he began, yet broke down helplessly when he tried to speak of his great love for her sweet daughter."

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have seen how dear my child has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed I do wish you happiness, Mr. Lane; but Mr. Vincent told you that—we once had other views for Mabel. It is only fair and right that you should know."

"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any station in life too high for one like her? I never dared hope that your consent could have been so freely given. I do not dare hope that she can possibly care for me—yet."

"I will not keep you longer, then," said she, smiling through her tears. "I will see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you."

With tumultuously throbbing heart, he softly entered and quickly glanced around. The tiers of almost priceless volumes, the antique furniture, the costly Persian rugs and portieres, the pictures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—all were valueless in his eager eyes. They sought one object alone, and found it in a deep bay window across the room. There, leaning back in a great easy reading chair, with a magazine in her lap, her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart, smiling a sweet, welcome to him, while the rosy color mounted to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. How he was trembling! How his kind gray eyes were glowing! She could not meet them; she had to look away. She had begun some pleasant little welcoming speech, some half laughing allusion to the flowers, but she stopped short in the midst of it. A knot of half faded roses—his roses—nestled in her bosom, contrasting with the pure white of her dainty gown; and now those treasured, envied flowers began to rise and fall, as though rocked on the billows of some clear lake stirred by a sudden breeze. What he said, he did not know; she hardly heard, though her ears drank in every word. She only realized that both his hands were tightly clasping hers, and that, scorning to seek a chair and draw it to her side — perhaps, too, because he could not bear to release even for an instant that slender little hand—perhaps still more because of the old time chivalry in his nature that had prompted him to ask parental sanction before telling her of his deep and tender love—Capt. Lane had dropped on one knee close beside, and, bending over her, was pouring forth in broken, incoherent words the old, old story, of a lover's hopes and fears and longings—the sweet old song that, day after day, year after year, ay, though sung since God's creation of the beautiful world we live in, never, never can be heard or sung except in rapture. Even though she be cold to him as stone, no true women ever listened to the tale of a man's true love without a thrill at heart.

Once, only once, in the lifetime of men like Lane—yes, and of men not half his peers in depth of character, in intensity of feeling—there comes a moment like this, and, whether, it be in the glow and fervor and enthusiasm of youth or the intensity and strength of maturer years, it is the climax of a lifetime; it is the date from which all others, all scenes, trials, triumphs, take their due apportionment; it is the memory of all others that lingers to the very last, when all, all but this are banished from the dying brain. Rome, in her pride of place, made the building of her capitol the climax of mundane history: everything in her calendar was "ante urbem conditam" or the reverse. The old world measured from the flood; the new world—our world—measures from the birth of him who died upon the cross; and the lifetime of the man who has once deeply and devotedly loved has found its climax in the thrilling moment of the avowal.

"Have you no word to say to me, Mabel?—not one word of hope?—not one?" he pleaded.

Then she turned her lovely face, looking into his deep eyes through a mist of tears.

"I do like you," she murmured; "I do honor you so, Capt. Lane; but that is not what you deserve. There is no one, believe me, whom I so regard and esteem; but—I do not know—I am not certain of myself."

"Let me try to win your love, Mabel. Give me just that right. Indeed, indeed I have not dared to hope that so soon I could win even your trust and esteem. You make me so happy when you admit even that."

"It is so little to give in return for what you have given me," she answered, softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

"Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by—six months, perhaps—I'll come again and try my fate. I know that an old dragoon like me, with gray hairs sprouting in his mustache——"

But here she laid her fingers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed them passionately.

The day of parting came, all too soon. Duty—the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given undivided allegiance—called him to the distant west, and the last night of his stay found him bending over her in the same old window. He was to take a late train for St. Louis, and had said farewell to all but her. And now the moment had arrived. A glance at his watch had told him that he had but twenty minutes in which to reach the station.

She had risen, and was standing, a lovely picture of graceful womanhood, her eyes brimming with tears. Both her hands were now clasped in his; she could not deny him that at such a time; but—but was there not something throbbing in her heart that she longed to tell?

"It is good-by now," he murmured, his whole soul in his glowing eyes, his infinite love betrayed in those lips quivering under the heavy mustache.

She glanced up into his face.

"Fred"—and then, as though abashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again almost on his breast.

"What is it, darling? Tell me," he whispered, eagerly, a wild, wild hope thrilling through his heart.

"Would it make you happier if—if I—told you that I knew myself a little better?"

"Mabel! Do you mean—do you care for me?"

And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms and strained to his breast. Long, long afterward he used to lift that traveling coat of gray tweed from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if—if it were indeed true that her throbbing heart had thrilled through that senseless fabric, stirring wild joy and rapture to the very depths of his own.

"Would I be sobbing my heart out," at last she murmured, "if I did not love you and could not bear to have you go?"

CHAPTER VIII.

"What an awfully pretty girl that Miss Vincent is, Amos!" said Mr. Noel one morning, as the cousins were quietly breakfasting together before going down town.

"Pretty? yes," said Amos, doubtfully. "But look here, my boy; recollect that you want to think of something more than 'pretty' in selecting a wife while you are in here on this detail. Now, Mrs. Withers and I have been keeping our eyes open, and our ears, too, for that matter; the fact is, I always have both eyes and ears open—travel with them that way, sleep with them that way. I would not be the man I am in the business world, Noel, if that weren't the case. And, pretty though Miss Vincent may be, she's not the girl for you to waste your time on."

"But why not?" asked Noel. "They have a magnificent home, and everything about it indicates wealth and refinement and culture; and there is no denying that she is one of the most attractive girls in society in this city; certainly I have seen none whom I have admired more."

That very morning Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent.

"That is all very true, perhaps," was the reply; "but her father was very badly bitten during that wheat corner last month, and in fact he has been losing heavily for the last two years. Warden, who is his broker on 'Change, let it leak out in more ways than one; and that wife of Warden is a regular scandal monger—she can't help talking, and everything she manages to extract from him in the way of information goes broadcast over the entire city. Of course, when the corner broke, as it did, old Vincent managed to pull out of it without absolute loss of his homestead and his entire business. But the rally came only in the nick of time. I am told that Warden has said that if wheat had gone up one cent higher it would have knocked Vincent out of time; he never could have come to again. Gordon Noel, we have another plan for you. Wait until Ned Terry's sister gets back from the east; between her and her brother they have just about as much money invested in the best paying business in this town as any people that I can possibly name. She's a belle; she's just as pretty as Miss Vincent. She isn't as smart, perhaps, but she is a woman worth cultivating. Now, hold your horses. Where did you meet her, by the way?"

"I first met her at the Thorntons' dinner party. She was there with Capt. Lane, and some other young people whom I had not previously met."

"Oh, yes; that reminds me. It seems to me I have heard once or twice that your friend Lane was very much smitten in that quarter. Now, you'd much better let him carry off Miss Vincent, if he can. She would suit his modest views of life very well. But I don't believe the girl has a penny to her fortune; at least she certainly won't if Vincent has no more luck in the future than he has had in the last year."

"I took her down to dinner," said Noel, thoughtfully, "and I remember that she talked a good deal about the army, and asked a great many questions about the cavalry. Now that you speak of it, I noticed that Lane, who sat on the opposite side of the table, didn't seem to be particularly interested in the lady who was escorting, although, of course, had to be civil and tried to keep up conversation, but every now and then I would catch him looking at us, and particularly at her. But she looked so pretty that I didn't wonder at it."

"When did you next see her?" said Withers.

"Only last night. You know, I was called away almost immediately after the Thornton affair, and had to go on to New York on the court martial, where I was summoned as a witness, then only got back in time for the party last night. That was my second meeting with her, and by this time Lane had gone out to join the regiment. I didn't even have a chance to say good-by to him. Do you think, really, that he was smitten in that quarter?"

"That's what I certainly heard," said Withers; "and as soon as you get to know young people in society I venture to say that you can readily find out all about it. These girls all know one another's secrets, and are generally pretty ready to tell them. That's the result of my experience."

It was evident that Amos Withers' cousin was not to be neglected in the Queen City. Two parties at private houses, a reception at the club and three dinners were the invitations which he found awaiting him at his office. Half an hour was occupied in acknowledging and accepting or declining, as happened to be the case, these evidences of hospitality; then, having no especial interest in the morning paper, his thoughts again reverted to what Mr. Withers had been telling him about Miss Vincent, and the possible relation between her and his regimental comrade. He had been very much impressed with her the night before. Her beauty was of such a rare and radiant character, she was so genial and unaffected in her manner, so bright and winning, with such an evident liking for his society, that Mr. Noel had come away flattering himself that he had made in this quarter a most favorable impression. He had thought of her very much as he went home from the party—of her interested face, as he talked or danced with her; and she danced delightfully, and was so good as to say that his step perfectly suited hers. He remembered now, too, her remark that it was so delightful to dance with army officers and graduates of the Point; they all seemed to feel so thoroughly at home on the floor.

Noel was not a graduate of the Point by any means; but he saw no reason for disenchanting her on that score. He was quite as good as any of the West Pointers, in his own opinion, and in society was very much more at home than many of their number. As a dancer, he was looked upon in his regiment and throughout the cavalry as one of the most accomplished in the whole service. And all this interest and all this cordiality he had accepted without hesitation as a tribute to his own superior qualifications and attractiveness. It was therefore with a feeling akin to pique that he heard of this possible engagement existing between her and Capt. Lane.

In all the Eleventh cavalry there was no man whom Gordon Noel feared and possibly hated more than he did Capt. Lane. This arose from the fact that Lane as adjutant of the regiment had seen all the communications that passed from time to time relative to Noel's absence from his command when his services were most needed and when any man of spirit would have taken every possible precaution to be with it. He knew how silent Lane had always been, and how thorough a custodian of regimental secrets he was considered. But all the same the mere fact that Lane knew all these circumstances so much to his disadvantage, and had seen all his lame and impotent excuses, had made him fear him as a possible enemy and hate him simply because he stood in awe of him.

No one, to watch Noel in society or in the presence of his brother officers, would suppose for a moment that he looked upon Lane with other than feelings of the warmest regard and comradeship. It was only in his secret thoughts, which he admitted to no soul on earth, that Noel realized what his real feelings were towards a man who had never done him a wrong, but who had treated him on all occasions, public and private, with courtesy and consideration.

For some reason or other the lieutenant felt restless and dissatisfied this morning. The atmosphere of the office was decidedly uncongenial. He was a man who rarely read anything, and to whom letter writing was a bore. To be sure, he had little of it to do, for no man in the regiment had expressed a desire to hear from him. It was a hot, sultry day; the stylish white flannel suit in which he had arrayed his handsome self was wasting its elegance on the desert air of a bare and empty room, instead of being seen in the boudoirs of beauty or the billiard rooms at the club. Business was slack; no recruits were coming in, and Mr. Noel could stand it no longer. A ring from his bell summoned the sergeant to the room.

"There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of recruits coming in such a day as this, sergeant," said Mr. Noel. "I'm going up to the club for a while; if anybody should come in, send one of the men up there for me; I'll return at once." And with that he took his straw hat and light cane and strolled leisurely up the street. His was a figure that many a man—and more women—would turn to look at more than once. Tall, slim, elegant in build, always dressed in excellent taste, Gordon Noel in any community would have been pronounced a remarkably presentable man. His face, as has been said, was very fine; his eyes dark and handsome, shaded by deep, thick lashes; his hair dark and waving; his mustache, dark and drooping, served only to enhance the brilliancy of the even white teeth that flashed underneath it in his frequent smiles and joyous laughter. One would say, in looking at Noel, that he was a man of singularly sunny disposition; and so he was, and so they found him at the club; and so the loungers there hailed him with jovial shouts as he entered; for, though only a fortnight had elapsed since his arrival, and four days of that time he had been absent, giving his testimony before the court martial in New York harbor, he had nevertheless won his way into the hearts of all the young fellows around the club, and no more popular man than Gordon Noel had ever come within the doors of "The Queen City."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gallantry Remarkable.

"I think that Mr. Bellefield is the very politest man I know," said Miss Hiland to her particular friend.

"What has he done now?" asked Miss Dukane.

"You know he will never keep his seat in a street car if there is a lady standing."

"I know that."

"Well, I got in a crowded car the other day, and Mr. Bellefield was there. He did not have a seat to offer me, but he said, as graciously as you please, 'Won't you take my strap, Miss Hiland?'" — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE AURORA BOREALIS

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights in the Northern Skies.

The ancients viewed the aurora borealis with superstitious awe, looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red 'northern lights' gave us warning that something awful was about to happen." In the annals of Clan-Mac-Noiso is to be found an account of a purple aurora, which lighted up the northern skies in the year 688 A. D. on the night preceding the dreadful battle fought by the Irish tribes of Leinster and Munster, and it is not necessary to mention the fact that the people took it as an omen of the great slaughter which soon followed.

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed some of the grandest displays of the auroral light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent. Superstitious people like those of Ireland hundreds of years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genoese scientist, who has long and faithfully labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fitful aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself: "We surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and afterward nearly every night during our stay had the pleasure of seeing yellowish white light dance from nib to nib, in which the spectroscope analysis exhibited the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At Pietarintumturi we were especially favored in making our experiment, having on two different occasions caused an auroral arch to appear as if hanging in the air directly over our wires and about 150 rods above them." — St. Louis Republic.

His Certificate.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for the benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand. Certainly, certainly." And the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then I can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silently and departed. — Harrison's Monthly.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About 80 years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that if electricity was good for feeble people it might be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out on his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that as there were a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree that had been given up by the gardener as past saving was soon the most flourishing one of the row and before long outstripped its fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and the florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily managed methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

Age of Some Noted Universities.

It is said the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872. The University of Cambridge, or rather the first of the colleges at present comprised in it, was founded by Hugo, bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about the year 1200. The first German university was established at Prague in 1348. Trinity college, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591. The University of Edinburgh was first chartered in 1582 by King James VI of Scotland. Harvard college was founded at Cambridge, or, as it was then known, Newtown, Mass., in 1636. Yale university was first established at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700. It removed to its present location, New Haven, in 1716.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Hanlon's new "Superba."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Edward Harrigan.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Tony Pastor.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Shaft No. Two."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Temptation of Money."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ABASEMENT OF THE M'CARTHYITE BRITISHMEN.

The Whig wing of the Irish Parliamentary party seems to be going from bad to worse. Quite recently, Mr. Justin McCarthy, the titular "leader" of that section of diluted "Nationalists" issued an appeal for money to sustain the coming conflict with the Tories. Among those who responded were ex-premier Gladstone and Baron Tweedmouth, of Scotland, each of whom subscribed £100. This, of course, has raised a storm in England, and also in Ireland, but from quite a different cause. The men of spirit in the latter country, even some of the McCarthyites, resent being placed under obligations to Englishmen or Scotchmen in a financial way. All the Parnellite newspapers denounce the acceptance of the money in unmistakable language, and so violent has been the protest that the leading McCarthyites are compelled to take notice of it. A dispatch from Dublin, dated Tuesday, says:

"John Dillon, M. P., has written a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* denouncing the charges of Mr. Healy, who asserted that the Irish party had asked Mr. Gladstone, and others it is presumed, to subscribe to the Irish parliamentary fund. Mr. Dillon says no appeal has been made to any Englishmen, much less to members of the government, by the committee, and he adds, 'I express no opinion as to whether Baron Tweedmouth's subscription, should be accepted.' Justin McCarthy, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, also has written a letter to the *Journal*, in which he says the committee has made no appeal to Englishmen, adding, however, that it would be 'stupid madness' to refuse subscriptions. Mr. McCarthy continues, 'I take the entire responsibility.'"

Mr. McCarthy's long residence among the English has made him much more of an Englishman than an Irishman. He has a real patriotic feeling *for England*, and is particularly desirous of keeping Ireland chained to the imperial chariot, by the "golden link" of home rule. Nobody who reads Mr. McCarthy's English novels and "History of Our Own Times," can doubt how thorough-going a little Englishman he is. Everything English he deals with in the possessive plural, thus: "*Our* army and navy," "*our* commerce and financial policy," "*our* interests in India," and so on ad nauseam. These English Irish are a terrible curse to us. To use the old American simile, they are "neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring." The longer literary Irishmen live in England, the more English they become. Their eyes become prematurely weak, in order that they may wear "glawses," you know. Beard refuses, as a rule, to grow on their lips and chins, but sprouts luxuriously from their jaw bones. Their hair parts, almost involuntarily, in the middle. They drawl and they dawdle, and they look wise, and like Richard Lalor Shiel—one of their kidney—they are eternally drawing comparisons between the splendor of "Britain," and the provincialism of Ireland. They are, in fact, loyal Britishers to the core, and English interests in Ireland are quite safe in their keeping.

John Dillon is fairly in process of manufacture into a melancholy type of Irishman with a thick coating of English veneer. The process is not yet quite completed. The varnish has not had time to harden upon his romantic features, and the Irish green peeps occasionally through the English red, like the shamrock raising its head above the blood of a battlefield. Therefore, he is in doubt whether Lord Tweedmouth's subscription should be accepted. He has nothing to say in reference to Gladstone's.

McCarthy, on the other hand, thinks it would be "stupid madness" to reject the contributions of Englishmen. Well, in order to be consistent the McCarthyists should continue their "stupidly mad" policy. They have been in that condition since they deposed Parnell at the bidding of Gladstone, whose £100 check will not restore the betrayed leader to life and power. The McCarthyites sacrificed him on the altar of the English non-conformist conscience, and there they are! Look at them now!

The London *Times*, of course, is glad to have a chance of hitting back the men it despises as much as it hates. Parnell conquered that journalistic reptile, but his death has given it new vigor and venom. Commenting on the Gladstone-Tweedmouth subscription it says: "The revelations are inconsistent with the resolutions of the House of Commons in February, 1893, that the *Times* was guilty of a gross breach of privilege in asserting that the Irish members were in receipt of a stipend drawn from the English party fund or from the private liberality of rich English partisans."

None but a political idiot would give the *Times* such a chance to slap back at the emasculated wing of the Irish Party as Mr. McCarthy has given. We are really sorry that this amiable and gifted little Britishman has rendered himself ridiculous, but what else could be expected from the course he and his followers have pursued?

Oh, what a tangled web they weave
When practice early to deceive!

THE FOREST FIRES TRAGEDY.

The Wisconsin and Minnesota forest fires of last week, and the beginning of this, have added another long chapter of horrors to our more recent history. It would seem incredible that at least 600 valuable lives should be wiped out in a manner so terrible, right on the common lines of travel. Dwellers in forest lands of this country, or in any other wooded region, should be careful to build their towns and villages in wide clearings, and, if possible, in the immediate vicinity of lakes or streams, as the latter afford the best chance for escape in the event of calamity. There have been forest fires in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota nearly every year, but nothing to equal in extent and destructiveness the present visitation. The nearest approach to it was during the long drought of the fall of 1871, when Chicago also experienced the full wrath of the red destroyer. The country generally is responding with alacrity to the call for aid from the scourged districts, and Mayor Hopkins has called on the people of Chicago to aid in the good work.

FEROCIOUS GEORGIANS.

If reports from Georgia are true, the white people of a portion of that state have fallen so deeply in love with "the nigger" that they will kill, or try to kill, all who may seek to bear him away from their "midst." We are informed from Milledgeville, Ga., under date of September 4, that "the Rev. Benjamin F. Gaston was shot in the forehead last night by an armed mob, which attacked him while he was addressing a crowd of colored men, urging them to go to Africa. Six other negroes were seriously wounded. When the assemblage was thus put to flight their assailants disappeared and no trace has been left of them save that they were white. About a year ago Gaston, a colored preacher of some ability, who has been engaged in the work of getting up a scheme of transporting negroes to Africa, was taken on a requisition from New York to Georgia to be tried for swindling, the charge being that he had collected $1 apiece from over eight thousand persons and was using the money for private purposes. Owing to the difficulty of getting negroes to testify against him he was acquitted. Six months ago he made his appearance at Devereux. He had collected $3000 from his race. The effort to remove the labor out of the country so antagonized the whites that danger has been feared for several weeks."

THE CITIZEN cannot blame any well disposed colored person who takes himself away from a section of America where negro life is held cheaper than the life of a brute. Southern editors have dilated for a couple of generations on the laziness, sensuality and general worthlessness of "the nigger." Our experience of the South, which embraces two complete tours and several minor excursions, has convinced us that, while the negro has his faults, the South would be of little account lacking him. During the great civil war, while left on the lone plantations by the masters who made them chattels, the negroes remained faithful to their trust, except in very rare instances—we doubt if there is a well authenticated instance—and cared for and protected the old men, women and children. Since their emancipation they have occasionally, like most people newly enlarged, committed excesses here and there, but in the mass they have been quiet, lawabiding and progressive, according to their lights and opportunities. Judging by the number of lynchings and shootings of "niggers" reported from the South from time to time, people at the North would be led to imagine that the mission of the Rev. Gaston would be hailed as a benefaction. The report from Milledgeville speaks for itself. The whites who attacked the negroes in that region were more savage in their actions than the blackest cannibal that was ever kidnapped on the banks of the Niger.

WILD-EYED NATIVES.

This, surely, is a great country when it can survive the survival of the large number of cranks who claim the protection of its flag. These persons are not, as might be supposed, "benighted foreigners," "superstitious Catholics, anxious to make the Pope a dictator in American politics," or even negroes or Chinamen. They are mostly white men, and white women, "to the manor born," native Americans, as it were, and they profess an intangible form of Christianity. The following special dispatch to the *Tribune* of Wednesday will explain itself:

"BURLINGTON, Iowa, Sept. 4.—The Christian Scientists, who have a strong organization, made an assault on the public school system of the city today by petitioning that their children be excused from attendance at school during the hours that physiology is taught. They assert there is no material body, and they object to their children being taught to believe there is anything so much in evidence as the stomach and liver. They object also to geography, on the score that it recognizes a material body. The school board promptly refused the concession."

THE CITIZEN wonders whether the inmates of Jacksonville, Kankakee and Elgin asylums did not get a vacation to play convention in Burlington. We doubt whether pronounced lunatics could have gone much further in their madness than these alleged Christian Scientists. If they doubt the materialness of their sublimated bodies, they should be given a cathartic and locked up in a room by themselves, until conviction finally comes upon them. Was it not Byron who wrote—

When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, and proved it,
It made no matter what he said?

It is related of Berkeley that while on a visit to Dean Swift, in Dublin, about the beginning of the last century, the Bishop wished to see the Dean rather earlier than usual, but found the door secured. He knocked. "Who is there?" cried Swift. "It is I, Berkeley," answered the Bishop. "Then come in," said the Dean. "I cant," replied the Bishop, "the door is locked." "Well it is 'no matter,'" rejoined his witty Deanship, and the Bishop retreated discomfited.

IS PHYSICAL FORCE HOPELESS?

The *New World*, which is edited by the son of a Young Irelander who led a "rebel" detachment in Tipperary during the "rising" of 1848, and who, with a price upon his head, escaped to this country soon afterward, takes a peculiarly "can't do anything but agitate" view of the present Irish situation.

In reply to some remarks of THE CITIZEN, made a week or two ago, the *New World* says: "With the first class of objectors (the physical force party) we do not propose to argue. We say this out of no spirit of disrespect to these gentlemen. On the contrary we entertain for them as a class a sincere respect. We can never forget that the creed which they profess was the creed of Tone, of Emmet and of Mitchel. It is our right to argue, as we have argued, that circumstances have altered radically since their times, and that what was sound and wise doctrine then may not be sound and wise doctrine now. We believe that we can cite passages from the Memoirs of Tone and from the political writings of Mitchel in which these eminent Irishmen justified the necessity of the policy which they advocated upon the ground that the masses of the Irish people did not then possess the franchise and other means of operating effectively within the constitution which they undoubtedly do possess now. We think also that we could show that there existed certainly in Tone's time, and in a lesser degree in Mitchel's time, possibilities of success which do not exist now.

"But however this may be, for those who still adhere to that creed and refuse to modify it we have never entertained any sentiments but those of respect, and for the gallant deeds of heroic self-sacrifice which that creed has inspired we have felt and we feel no sentiments but those of enthusiastic admiration. When, therefore, we say that we do not propose to argue with these gentlemen, we do so simply because our experience is that arguments between physical force and anti-physical force men on the Irish question never lead to any useful result. We may, however, call these gentlemen's attention to the fact, which we think is capable of demonstration, that if the parliamentary policy has not by this time secured the concession of Home Rule, and if the Irish Parliament be not now sitting in Dublin, that is the fault of the Irish themselves. These gentlemen know what was the effect of the Parnellite split and the events which followed it in Ireland upon the standing of the Irish cause with Americans in this country. We can assure them that the effect in England was even more disastrous. Nor can any reasonable man wonder that it should be so.

"Yet, in spite of this great disaster, the Home Rule party succeeded in securing a majority of the aggregate vote in the house of commons, and succeeded in getting very nearly one-half of the total popular vote cast in England, a fact, by the way, which is constantly lost sight of in discussions as to the progress made in converting England to home rule. This being so, it is as certain as any political conjecture can be that, had it not been for these unfortunate occurrences in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone would have had a majority so large and decisive that the house of lords would not have dared for a moment to stand in the way."

We should feel heartily obliged to the *New World* if it would point out the particular passages in the writings, or other utterances, of Tone and Mitchel in which those gentlemen alluded to moral force, in any form, as an alternative to revolution. Furthermore, is it really true that the masses of the Irish people possess the franchise in the sense in which American citizens understand it? Does manhood suffrage exist in Ireland? We think not. Even if it did exist, how much would it amount to if pitted against any English party, otherwise independent of it, in the House of Commons or elsewhere? It is true that the Whig party now possesses power in Great Britain by reason of the votes of the McCarthyites in Parliament. But that party has done nothing, virtually nothing, since Parnell's death to justify confidence in it. From being dictators to the Whigs the McCarthyites have sunk to be their proteges. Their stings are drawn, and the result is defeat and humiliation. Do not the words of Dennis Florence McCarthy, applied to Diarmid, of that ilk, also apply to Justin, the Overamiable?

But oh, proud McCaura! what anguish to touch on
That one fatal stain of thy ancient escutcheon
In thy story's bright garden, the one spot of bleakness,
Through ages of valor, the one hour of weakness;
Thou heir to a hundred kings, sceptered and royal,
Thou to kneel to the Whigling and swear to be loyal!
Oh, a long night of horror and outrage and sorrow,
Must we weep for thy folly, weak Justin McCaura!

The effects of "the Parnellite split," are mostly due, as the editor of the *New World* ought to know, to the pernicious flexibility with which the the McCarthyites abandoned Parnell to please "the Whig wolves, howling for his destruction." They brought monasticism into Irish politics, forgetting that they were not ecclesiastics, and that ecclesiastics should never be taken as leaders in secular matters. Their spiritual position compels them to condemn moral lapses, although it seems to us that, Parnell not being a Catholic, they might have discreetly passed over his particular case. But, with the laity who condemned Parnell, it was different. Hardly any of them could afford to cast a rock at him, and some of his defamers afterward exposed their hypocrisy in a manner that compelled their ignominious retirement from public life. Some of those upheld by hierarchical influence, care nothing for the Cathosic church, while Parnell always treated its prelates and priests with the most profound respect. Parnell was a murdered man, and we leave to the *New World* the unpleasant task of placing the blame where it justly belongs.

As regards physical force, in the military sense, the *New World* cannot regard it more hopelessly than does THE CITIZEN, unless certain contingencies, often specified in these pages, should arise. But a cause driven to despair has many resources. Gladstone was deaf until Manchester trembled and Clerkenwell fell. Who knows how many Michael O'Briens and Michael Barretts still watch for the signal fires, which will burn brighter as the night of defeat and Whig chicanery grows blacker and blacker still? The *New World* may denounce all effort outside of "legitimate warfare." All warfare, which has a good cause, is legitimate. The marketplace of Altorf, the Cathedral square of Rouen, the shambles on Tower Hill, the churches of Lisbon, the passes of the Tyrol, the sierras of Spain, the cordilleras of Mexico and the Bolivian land, the walls of Missolonghi, the rocks of Herzegovina, the jungles of the Transvaal, and the squalid villages of Bulgaria alike proclaim that where men are men, without counting the cost in blood, or days or years, Freedom smiles upon them. The Irish are slaves, not because they are cowards—ten thousand battlefields prove the contrary—but because they were taught, for generations, that to fight for freedom meant damnation and to starve, for the sake of peace, meant the New Jerusalem. Consequently since Emmet's day, they have taken, on Irish soil, few warlike risks worthy of mention. They count their dead by the hundred thousand and their expatriated by the million—the greatest destruction ever inflicted on a people, and—by the Whigs! Physical force has been made to appear an impossible means of freedom to the Irish, because their teachers desired not to be disturbed. Hence Ireland, one against seven to England, regards as impossible, what the Boers, one to, at least, a thousand against the same power, accomplished, and what the Herzegovinans, one to hundreds against the Turks, heroically won! Our race has been simply demoralized by Blarney, the Devil and the Whigs. They have, possibly, reached a stage when they think they have either to wait at Rosebery's back door, or submit to the worst. We doubt it. With their backs to the rocks, the enemy on one flank, and the sea of annihilation on the other, we believe the Irish people could, and would, bloodily assert themselves if they were only left to their own heroic impulses, and not bedeviled by lay prelates and clerical politicians.

IRISH TENANTS BETRAYED.

There seems to be a settled opinion among the tenant farmers of Ireland that they have been basely swindled by the Liberal party of England in the matter of the Evicted Tenants' Relief bill. The Whig majority in the house of commons is very liberal in passing bills that it feels certain the house of lords will reject without risk of rebuke from England. The Independent members of the Irish party, disgusted with the tactics of the Whigs, are calling loudly for a dissolution of parliament, and are reproaching the McCarthyites for not having kept faith in the matter of the political prisoners. Dealing with this subject the *Irish Daily Independent* of Aug. 16 says:

"Should the house of lords reject the Evicted Tenants bill, we shall, no doubt, be told by the Seceders that the government has done all that was in its power to do under existing circumstances on behalf of the tenants, and that if they must spend another 'autumn session' on the hillsides no blame will attach to the government or the liberal party. We have our own opinion as to this, but what we wish to point out now is that the government having failed to pass a single remedial measure for Ireland in the two years during which it has been kept in power by Irish votes, is bound at least to make some return for that support. There is one thing it can do without the consent of the lords—without an act of parliament. It can set the political prisoners free. Over two years ago the Seceders declared that, even if these men were guilty, they had already suffered enough, and more than enough, to expiate their offense against the laws. If there was good ground for their release then, the argument in favor of their liberation is surely stronger now. And that release can be forced if the Seceders are able to summon up courage enough to use the power that is still in their hands. They are bound by all the promises they have made to leave no stone unturned, to exhaust every effort to open the prison doors. Up to the present they have made no effort. On the contrary, they have done their best to thwart the men who, in season and out of season, have kept the amnesty question to the front."

The foregoing is sound reasoning, and will be approved of by every Irishman of spirit the world around. It is about time to put the Whigs to the final test on the subject of home rule.

PEOPLE'S PARTY TICKET.

Following is the ticket recently placed in the field by the People's party, at their Ulich Hall county convention:

For Sheriff	John G. Ogden
For County Treasurer	Joseph Schwerzgen
For County Judge	Jesse Cox
For Probate Judge	George M. Miller
For County Clerk	Andrew B. Adair
For Probate Clerk	Charles Dold
For Criminal Court Clerk	Daniel F. Gleason
For Superintendent of Schools	Homer Bevins
For President County Board	David M. Fulwiler
For County Commissioners—	
West Side	John C. Harding
	Thomas J. Elderkin
	Thomas Dooley
	George Coop
South Side	J. E. Marion
	Constantine Lobayczak
North Side	Jacob Selig
	William Sorenson
	W. J. Danforth
Country	Peter Miller, Evanston
	Henry Bassett, Blue Island
	George S. Sawyer, Oak Park
	F. L. Lumstead, Berwyn
	C. H. Simpson, Worth

ALL ABOUT A HAYSTACK.

Our gentle Christian friends, O'Donovan Rossa and Michael Davitt, have been abusing each other to their hearts' content over on the other side. It would seem that Davitt some years ago, while lecturing in England, said that Rossa "had not sufficient courage to set fire to a haystack." In his farewell address, delivered in the Rotunda, Dublin, a few days ago, Rossa referred to this remark of Davitt's and called Michael "a scoundrel." The epithet threw Davitt into a fury, and he has written a letter to the Irish daily and weekly papers, in which he lacerates Rossa like a carding machine, accusing him of intimacy with "Red Jim" McDermott, etcetera. Now, to our mind, all this is very, very foolish. Of course, O'Donovan Rossa has not courage to "fire a haystack." Neither has Michael Davitt. Why should they have? Why should they make themselves supremely ridiculous by firing haystacks or other farm produce in the interest of Irish independence? Did anybody ever say that Ireland could be freed by firing English or any other haystacks? Rossa and Davitt might have courage to fire the Ephesian dome, if that structure still existed; but haystacks are beneath their notice as men of action and of history.

Both Rossa and Davitt have "run the outlaw's brief career and borne his load of ill" for Ireland in their day. It is too bad to have these good old men fighting one another at this late hour. Rossa is gray and Davitt is bald, and both should have the wisdom of their years. We believe Rossa is a trifle more venerable than Davitt, and, as the senior of the two, he should exercise greater wisdom, and not help to make a scene before the nations. The quarrel is most unseemly, and should be frowned upon by all good Irishmen.

THE WILSON BILL AS IT IS.

The history of America may be searched in vain for any parallel for the disgraceful circumstances which marked every stage of the infamous tariff act which has just become a law. The original Wilson bill which passed the house in such a blaze of Democratic triumph was amended over six hundred times in the senate, and received the approval of the president, as his friends, Gorman, Vest, Jones and others declare; it was then sent to a committee of conference, and while there Mr. Cleveland in violation of the Constitution wrote a letter to Mr. Wilson, chairman of the Ways and Means committee, which denounced the bill he had approved, as "perfidious to the Democratic party" and being filled with "outrageous discriminations." Mr. Wilson declared the senate bill would net to the sugar trust $40,000,000, every cent of which would come out of the people's pockets; then to show how he abhorred this enormous steal he and every Democrat in the house except twenty-one voted to rob the people of the above amount and present it to the sugar trust. But still between the disgraced Democratic majority in the senate and the renegade Democratic majority in the house there loomed up the mighty form of the enemy of trusts and the friend of the people, President Cleveland. "He has the backbone," said many, "to overthrow the sugar trust and vindicate the people's rights. He can't be intimidated by Gorman and his allies in the senate. He has denounced the senate bill in his usual vigorous style, and he cannot and will not sign it. He has had large practice in writing vetoes and he will veto this undemocratic measure." Thus spoke Cleveland's friends, and they believed what they said. Well this hero of the rigid backbone took the bill he had both approved and denounced, disappeared from Washington, leaving congress in a state of utter bewilderment as to his intentions; kept said bill the entire time allowed by the Constitution, every day of which time was worth millions to his friends in the sugar and whisky trusts, and then permitted it to become a law without his signature, thus approving the outrageous discriminations and the perfidy of the $40,000,000 steal! With all due respect for the opinions of our Democratic friends we respectfully submit that no amount of party fealty can bind an honest citizen to follow a man or a party through the filth and chicanery which covers the above act like a pall. Now this bill is a law, the McKinley act is repealed, and we stand in the presence of events which already have shaken the entire country from centre to circumference. Now let us see what England thinks of it. Here are a few extracts which cannot be pleasant reading to any of our countrymen who voted for Cleveland and the free-trade Democracy. The infamous London *Times* says: "Orders are likely to be given with a tolerably free hand this autumn, and with the reduced duties on cutlery and hardware, to which we have alluded, Sheffield should get a good share."

The Staffordshire *Post*, alluding to the Democratic tariff, comments thus: "It is confidently expected that it will give a much-needed impetus to the industries which have been suffering under the prohibitive restrictions of the McKinley act. We are all hoping that the modified duties will stimulate our industries in the potteries, and that that hope may be abundantly fulfilled is our earnest wish."

Apropos of this industry we find that our own potteries have closed or will soon close, being unable to compete with the English potteries. Under the McKinley act our potteries were running at good wages; under the Democratic tariff they close, and the English potteries open. Which is best for America?

The next is a Scotch opinion, from the Dundee *Advertiser*: "Dundee will have no reason to complain should the house adopt the senate's amendments on the jute schedule. The admission of bags and bagging free would be a distinct advantage."

We quite agree with the above that Dundee has no reason to complain; but it would seem as if some of our own people are not in the same happy condition. Eight hundred men and women were employed in the jute factory in Greenpoint, L. I. In Bengal wages average 11 cents per day and in Dundee the average is $2.50 per week. The protection given by the McKinley act enabled employers in America to pay their female employes $8 per week. Under the new tariff, burlaps and jute cloth, the very articles these hard working girls and women are employed on, are put on the free list. Any sensible man can see the result: the looms are stopped, and five hundred good American women are thrown out of work. The report we quote from says that many of these good souls are supporting widowed mothers, and in other ways helping to feed and clothe their families. Another English paper, the London *Industries*, is very emphatic in its approval of the new tariff. Hear it: "The new tariff bill of the United States, which has now passed its third reading, will remove a great burden from many

sections of industry in this country. The Sheffield cutleries, whose commodities were saddled with duties varying from 70 to 100 per cent, and in some cases a great deal more, under the McKinley bill, will enjoy immunity of taxation to the extent of about 50 per cent, while other branches of the hardware industry will benefit almost in like proportion." We will close the English quotations with the following:

"LONDON, Aug. 15.—The woolen manufacturers of Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield and Halifax, where stocks are abnormally low and where business has been stagnant for years, expect a great revival of business as a result of the tariff settlement in the United States. The *Pall Mall Gazette* this afternoon says: 'Bradford kept quiet during the vicissitudes of the Wilson bill for fear of prejudicing the issue, but, now that it is finally accepted, rejoicings have broken forth.'"

It is hardly necessary to give quotations from American papers to men living here in Chicago, where a few days since the Rock Island Railroad Company advertised for 100 men, and 3,000 men applied for work, a riot being nearly precipitated by the poor fellows in their anxiety to get there first; but we may say that 25,000 men have been locked out in Fall River, Mass., a few days ago, and here are a few others:

"UTICA, N.Y., Aug. 23.—It is said the Globe woolen mill will close in a few days, as the cotton mills have already decided to do. It is not known how long the mills will remain idle. When they start up again it will be with decreased wages."

"ROCHESTER, N.Y., Aug. 22.—On account of the continued business depression two of the largest industries in Medina, Weld & Hill's flouring mills and the Horan Company's stone quarries, have stopped work. Five hundred men are thrown out of employment."

Here are both sides of the question, and of the ocean. Any man who cannot see that the English are the gainers and we are the losers by the repeal of the McKinley act and the enactment of the new democratic tariff law is wilfully blind to his country's and his own interests, and argument with such a man is useless.

TOM REED AND THE A.P.A.

In a Letter to the Editor of the "Irish World" Mr. Reed Says He Did Not Denounce Them.

(*Irish World, Sept. 1.*)

BOSTON, Aug. 20, 1894.—*Editor of The Irish World, Dear Sir:* In your issue of Aug. 11, I find a statement attributed to Thomas B. Reed, M. C., the concluding sentence of which reads: "And the man who rests his political hopes on this foreign-born, un-American league, is foredoomed to disaster, dishonor and defeat." One of the leading papers of Boston denies that Thomas B. Reed ever made such a statement, and prints what purports to be an interview with him, in which he denies having used any such words. It pleases the A.P.As to deny that he made such a statement. Please give your authority for printing it in the *Irish World* and, if possible, the circumstances which led Mr. Reed to make it, and oblige, D.M.O.

Here follows in full what our correspondent refers to as having appeared in the *Irish World* of the date given by him:

CONGSESSMAN REED ON THE A.P.A.

He Says He Would Rather Face Defeat Than Win Success With Know-nothing Aid.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, leader of the Republicans in the lower branch of congress, recently nominated for re-election by his constituency for the tenth time, and also named in connection with the presidential nomination, said a few days ago on the floor of the house: "The charge has been frequently made of late that Republican successes here and there through the country are largely due to what is known as A.P.A. influence, as if this too intolerant, secret, oathbound organization were naturally in affiliation with Republican principles. Now, sir, as a Republican of the straightest sect, I utterly repudiate any such insinuation, and, speaking for myself, I would a thousand times rather go down in honored defeat with the unsullied flag of the grand old party waving over me than to victory obtained by any such aid. And the man who rests his political hopes on this foreign-born, un-American league is foredoomed to disaster, dishonor and defeat."

We cannot recall the name of the paper that the foregoing extract was taken from. We examined the files of the *Congressional Record* for weeks back so that we could verify the quotation, if possible, but without avail. Then we wrote to Mr. Reed the following note:

"HON. THOMAS B. REED—The inclosed, which was taken from a paper whose name I cannot recall, appeared in the *Irish World* of the 11th inst. Since its publication I have been told you never uttered the words attributed to you. Will you kindly state if the words are yours. If the expressions were not uttered by you, are the sentiments yours? Respectfully, PATRICK FORD."

To which Mr. Reed sent answer from Washington as follows:

"DEAR MR. FORD—The paragraph is pure invention. Who made it, or for what purpose, I do not know. Very truly yours, T. B. REED."

Cheap Excursions.

On Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

THE HIBERNIANS.

BY D. A. M'CARTHY.

When clouds obscured bright freedom's ray
Within our native island,
And tyranny's foul hand held sway
O'er valley and o'er highland;
When Erin's every hope was fled
And cowed her every warder,
Then like a summer dawning red
Up rose your Ancient Order.

Hibernians! O noble name!
Oh, name of pride and honor!—
No stain of cowardice or shame
Has ever smirched your banner!
Defenders of the faith are you
The whole wide world over,
True to the ancient Church, and true
Unto your island mother.

From flame-swept towns, from hearthstones cold,
From ruined shrine and chapel;
From whitened bones and warriors bold,
Who died in foeman's grapple;
From memories of bitter woes,
From years of desolation;
Your gallant Ancient Order rose
To save the Irish nation!

And bravely did you take your stand
In those sad days of Erin,
When mother Church and mother land
Alike the chains were wearin';
When in our Isle of Saints had ceased
The sound of masses chanted,
And patriots and holy priests
Like beasts of prey were hunted.

In penal days—those days of death—
How bitterly you suffered!
How often for your land and faith
Your lives you freely offered!—
You kept the fire of God alight,
Though slavery's shackles bound you;
You led your country's steps aright
Though slavery's shackles bound you;

By tyrant laws, proscribed and bann'd,
In stealth the Order struggled;
And by its aid into the land
Was many a "soggarth" smuggled;
And lonely vale or mountain pass,
Apart from Church and steeple,
Beheld the hurried midnight mass
Said for the faithful people.

We mourn those days—those penal days!
We mourn the brave who perished;
But evermore the men we praise
Who faith and country cherish'd—
Those days of blood and naked swords,
Of pitch cap, rack and halter,
Gave birth to men of deeds, not words,
We knew not how to falter.

God rest those men who, unafraid,
'Mid tears and tribulation,
In secrecy and silence laid
The Order's first foundation.
Few they were, but stout of heart;
God grant that we inherit
Their virtue and at least a part
Of their undaunted spirit.

But stay—I know that men as true
Today your ranks are filling;
And noble deeds to dare and do
As ready are and willing.
Years pass and men who live depart,
But dies the Order never!
Its freedom loving Celtic heart
Beats now the same as ever.

The chains are falling link by link,
Our country's cry is heeded;
The right of Irishmen to think
At least has been conceded.
Yours be the credit, you who fought
Distrust and foul suspicion,
And to unfriendly people taught
The Catholic's true mission.

A part of our most bitter wrong
Some years ago was righted,
When disestablishment was wrung
From British lords affrighted.
'Tis not enough. You must not rest,
Nor cease your earnest trying,
Till o'er our land, with home rule blest,
The old Green Flag is flying.

Hibernians! O illustrious band!
For valor famed and virtue!
You feared not England's bloody brand,
Vain were her laws to hurt you—
All men may honor Erin's Isle
And hearty thanks accord her,
For from her consecrated soil
Has sprung your Ancient Order.

—*Western Watchman.*

Death of Lieutenant-Colonel Lynam.

Many readers in and out of Ireland will hear with much regret of the death of Lieut.-Colonel William Lynam, which took place on the 17th ult. at Warrenpoint. Colonel Lynam was well advanced in years, and he had been suffering for some months from the illness which carried him off. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there are but few Irish writers who have attained so wide a popularity as Colonel Lynam in his own particular sphere—and in his own sphere he was inimitable. The chief child of his brain was Mick M'Quaid, by turns medical doctor, stockbroker, gombeen man, evangelizer, auctioneer, and member of Parliament; and Mick M'Quaid and his comrades—Terry Geraghty, Joe Doolin, and Kit Kulkin—form a really interesting picture gallery. Mick himself is a man of boundless cheek, much resource, great good humor, and of an accommodating turn of mind, which carries him through every difficulty; in Kit Kulkin, who is "rowled in seven blessed orders," and in Geraghty we have types of the religious hypocrite, and the poltroon all nerves. Many other interesting types of mortal flit across Colonel Lynam's pages. They go through a series of adventures that are intensely amusing, and we are led up to some really dramatic situations. Burlesque and carricature are carried to an extreme degree. In Mick's days as a doctor, his fashion of diagnosing a case is characteristic; when the patient arrived he was taken to a room and exhaustively interrogated by one of Mick's lieutenants, the whole conversation being heard in the meantime by Mick himself. Thus when the patient was ushered into his presence a glance showed the doctor what was the matter, at which the patient was of course profoundly surprised. In this fashion Dr. M'Quaid built up a considerable reputation as a medico. Similarly auctioneers, gombeen men, stockbrokers, and evangelizers are presented to us by Colonel Lynam in anything but a lovable light. Some years ago Colonel Lynam wrote a story for the *Irish Fireside* entitled "Myles Moylan's Meanderings." He gave some readings from the Mick M'Quaid series in the provinces, which were attended with much success. As a friend Colonel Lynam won the esteem of all who knew him. He was a wonderful good storyteller, and few men have so great a fund of good stories at their command as he had. His conversation was brightened up with flashes of wit; he was an excellent chess player, and it would be hard indeed to find a pleasanter companion. All who were ever brought into contact with him will mourn his death.—*Irish Ex.*

TOURISTS IN DANGER.

All Night on an Uninhabited Island.

Some excursionists returning by the Galway, belonging to the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, to Liverpool report an extraordinary adventure which befell some tourists hailing from Todmorden and district, and also some American ladies, who were at Killarney during the week. They hired a boat to visit the various lakes and well known rendezvous of tourists. When they approached the Burnt Island a breeze suddenly sprang up, and the little craft having too many occupants on board, there was some alarm owing to the suddenness of the little squall. The boatmen in charge decided to run for Burnt Island for greater safety, and the tourists agreeing to this course, and glad to adopt it, the island was reached and all the party got off. The weather somewhat abating, the boatmen decided to start again, but all the tourists were not of their way of thinking, and eight of them, including Mr. Fielding, of Bath street, Todmorden, and an American lady and her daughters, refused to risk their lives, preferring to remain all night on the island. Needless to say, the place is not inhabited, and the experience of those who remained on terra firma was a novel one. The boat drew off with those willing to go, and disappeared, leaving the eight who had determined to remain on the uninhabited island in a curious quandary. There was no food to be had, and no shelter except such as might be found under the lee of a rock, but nothing daunted the eight Robinson Crusoes set about at once to make the best of a bad job. A piece of rock having been selected as a background the party gathered some dry wood, got together some logs, made a shed with these materials, and covered it with grass, ferns, and anything suitable they could lay their hands on. Having thus entrenched themselves against the weather they passed some time telling stories, and rather enjoying their experience than otherwise, though the American lady was not in very good health. Some two hours afterwards, the boatmen having become rather alarmed about the fate of the castaway party—probably thinking they might become the victims of some cannibals in those parts—returned with their boats and offered to take the derelicts off. They brought some bread with them, butter, a teakettle and some tea. The storm-bound islanders refused to budge owing to the wind being still rather high, but they gratefully availed themselves of the commissariat arrangements. With the "Killarney guide" as cook, who manfully stuck to the post of danger declaring that he would die of starvation rather than abandon any member of his party, an acceptable "al fresco" meal was prepared, and everyone partook of it with evident gusto. The tourists passed the night as best they could, some joking and others praying for morning, though when morning came the more robust of the lot were more disposed to stop than go away. By five o'clock in the morning signals of distress in the shape of a pocket handkerchief, secured by a lady's garter to a long piece of wood, were flying from the island, and a boat having set off without having even waited for the signal, the party were at last safely conveyed from the island, after one of the most exciting and probably the most original kind of trip which anyone has ever had "by Killarney's lake and fells." The Lancashire contingent of "the shipwrecked crew," as they call themselves, were landed at Prince's Stage on Saturday, and started for home. The Killarney boatmen, with the ready wit of their race, have decided to preserve the hut, and have already baptized it as "General Fielding's bivouac."

The "Arena."

The September *Arena* is filled with articles of interest. The number opens with a paper by Rev. Minot J. Savage on "The Religion of Walt Whitman's Poems," which will lead many to open their Whitman in a new spirit. Judge Walter Clark, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, writes in favor of the Election of Senators by Popular Vote, and the limiting of the power and patronage of the President. He is, however, not in favor of electing the President in the same way, as he believes that would involve the perils of revolution with certain popular and ambitious men at the head of a presidential campaign. Charles S. Smart, an ex-State Superintendent of the Public Schools of Ohio, makes a very damaging criticism of our school system in a paper called Public Schools for the Privileged Few. It should lead to salutary discussion and ventilation. B. O. Flower, the Editor of the review, in a paper on "Early Environment in Home Life," protests against the unwritten social code which keeps young people in a dangerous iguorance of the true functions of their bodies. Walter Blackburn Harte contributes "A Review of the Chicago Strike of '94." Thomas E. Will, A.M., and Dr. Lucius F. C. Garvin write on Municipal Reform, and How to Effect It. Prof. Will also furnishes a valuable bibliography of the subject for students. Dr. Albert Leffingwell discusses "An Ethical Basis for Humanity to Animals," with some special relevance to the question of vivisection and the limits of scientific curiosity. James G. Clark, a Western poet, contributes some stirring verses, "The Message of M. Lowe." A unique and interesting paper is "An Astrological Forecast of the Administration of President Cleveland," made at the moment Mr. Cleveland took the oath of office on March 4, 1893. G. L. McKean writes on "The True Basis of Money." M. Louise Mason deals with the new psychological question of "Pre-Natal Influence." Will Allen Dromgoole contributes a story, "Ole Logan's Courtship," and this, with W. B. Harte's new *causerie* "On Certain Satisfactions of Prejudice," represents the purely literary element in the number.

GAELIC POETRY.

Irish National Anthem.

Air: "Deep in Canadian Woods."

(Le Domhnal Ua Loinsigh.)

Go m-beannuighidh Dia ár n-Oilean glas
D'á saor' ó bhruid 's ó ghleo:—
Go seólaidh Dia sinn air ár leas
Gach uair de'n oidhche 's lá!
Ar n-guidhe go h-árdhal, a Righ na n-Dúl,
Gur fabharach thá 'nar d-taoibh—
'S gur mór ár seun
Gan bhrón, gan leun
I n-Eirinn ghlas na Naomh.

A Righ na n-grás, na tréig ár g-cás,
Acht tabhartas tabhair d'ár n-guidhe;
A's beir sinn slán, ó thúis go bás,
O chaonta 's maills croidhe,—
Deun cabaid dúinn, d'ár námhaid, a ráin
'S is cliddhmhar, grádhmhar, caomh;
Faoi mhór chuid shéin,
Aris sinn féin,
I n-Eirinn ghlas na Naomh!

Le congnamh Dé do cheap an Rae,
Na reulta árd', 'san ghrian;
Ni fad uainn fáinne geal an lae
Na Saoirse d-tir na bh-Fiann;
O ghleann go gleann annsan brédh greann,
A's grádh ó thaoibh go taoibh;
'S béidh seun a's neart,
O Righ na bh-feart,
I n-Eirinn ghlas na Naomh.

—*United Ireland.*

HARSH EVICTIONS IN COUNTY CORK.

Two exceedingly harsh evictions are reported from the parish of Barryroe, in West Cork. The landlord is a young gentleman named Bennett, whose father in the Land League days was noted for his harsh treatment of his tenantry. The two victims of the eviction proceedings lived at a place named Carrigeen, in the parish of Barryroe, their names being Patrick Leary, rent £11 10s, and Patrick Fleming, £7 10s. The land is of poor quality, and the tenants owed only one year's rent each. The landlord and his bailiffs were accompanied on the eviction expedition by District Inspector Walsh, of Clonakilty, and a force of police, though no disturbance or resistance of any kind was threatened, the people in this district looking upon eviction proceedings of late as if they are quite innocent transactions, because a Liberal Party is in power. The local clergy, Father McCarthy, P.P., and Father Kearney, C.C., were present and pointed out to the landlord that the crops of the tenants were very promising, and that they would guarantee to pay their rents after the harvest. The landlord ignored these pleas and ordered the evictions to proceed. Fleming and his wife and six children were turned out on the roadside, and would not be admitted back as caretakers. Possession was taken of O'Leary's farm and premises, but the tenant's wife, an invalid 80 years of age, was not removed, Father McCarthy warning the landlord that if she was removed and fatal consequences ensued he would be held responsible. The eviction over, the police escorted the landlord and bailiffs home, without having met with a murmur of opposition, notwithstanding the cruel nature of the proceedings, the evictions being carried out just at the time when the tenants' crops, on which they had spent their toil and money, were coming to maturity. The utter absence of anything like the old Land League spirit under such circumstances is an eloquent testimony to the baneful effects of that West Britonism so industriously propagated amongst the people by Whig priests and Whig politicians.

SCHILLER THEATRE REOPENS.

The regular fall and winter amusement season at the popular Schiller theatre will commence at that handsome house next Sunday evening, September 9, with the brilliant pantomime spectacle "Superba" by the renowned Hanlon Brothers.

Manager Thomas W. Prior, ably supported by his capable executive staff, made thousands of warm friends for the popular Schiller theatre last season. The very strong list of attractions for next season is a sure indication that the popularity of the house this fall and winter will even surpass the public favor won in the exceptionally handsome performances of the Schiller Opera Company.

"Superba" is the great spectacle and pantomime brought here by the Hanlon Brothers, supported by a company of more than fifty people and splendidly staged with new scenery, fresh, bright costumes and remarkable equipment of stage mechanism, will brilliantly inaugurate the Schiller season. The Hanlons have entirely rearranged the famous piece and have spent large amounts of money upon the charming scenery, gorgeous costumes and expensive specialty artists for its production. It is positively claimed as the most attractive and remarkably clever pantomime spectacle ever put upon the stage by the Hanlon Brothers, who certainly have catered more successfully to the public in this line of entertainment than any managers who have attempted it. In it the resources of the world of pantomime spectacle and of stage trick illusion have been exhausted, and it is full of novelties, comical situations and all things interesting and funny in trick and pantomime. To enumerate the number of clever stage hits and entirely new pantomime tricks presented by the Hanlons in their present arrangement of "Superba" would be impossible within the limits of an ordinary notice, but the one quality in all the mechanical changes, transformations, stage illusions and really startling devices so cleverly carried out, apart from their number, is their complete originality and freshness. The piece is crowded with novelties, succeeding each other in rapid development, and is full of laughable situations. The Hanlons in their finished work are immediately supported by such clever specialty artists as the Schrode Brothers, famous in their line, Julie Mackay, Maud Midgley, Charles Guyer, and Bonnie Goodwin.

"Superba" will be followed by "Sam'l of Posen," bringing into Chicago again Mr. M. B. Curtis.

Hunting a Troop of Wolves.

On, on they came, each eager to get ahead of the other, and lessening the distance between us and them at a rapid rate. But we stood firm, with rifles raised and sighted on the two in advance, till Ned thought they were near enough. Then after careful aim, his rifle rang out, and the foremost wolf, with a convulsive bound, dashed to one side, and fell over on the ice. I had good aim on the other, and as Ned's shot made the pack slacken their speed, I luckily sent a ball through its head, and dropped it in its tracks. This reception quite cooled the courage of the nearest wolves, and they cut their race short and began spreading out around us. Those farther back slackened speed, which showed their doubt and hesitation. We would have thought the battle won had not the little one, who seemed to be the leader, come bounding on as fast as ever, passing those ahead, one after the other, and inspiring them with fresh courage. We knew not what this might lead to, and reserved our buckshot for the occasion. It looked serious for awhile, and we were afraid this second attack would prove a harder one to repel than the first. We had not much time to consult on the matter, but we decided that Ned, at the proper moment, was to make sure of the little one, and, immediately after, I was to send my charge into the foremost ones following. On the leader madly rushed, to a point within thirty yards of us, then—with wolf's cunning—turned suddenly to one side. This brought the others to a halt, and relieved us of any fear we had, for we saw their attack was mere bluster. But if they were ready for a parley we were not. We sent our buckshot into the thickest of the crowd, and knocked the little one over, which sent the rest flying away, either to the woods or back to the deer, and left us masters of the field.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

The Success which Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in freeing old and young from afflictions caused by impure blood, is really remarkable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a building-up medicine.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Excursions on the Whaleback.

The magnificent Whaleback steamer, Christopher Columbus, makes daily trips to Milwaukee and return. Fare for the round trip $1. Steamer leaves pier foot of Randolph street on Sunday at 10 a.m.; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 9:30 a.m.; Saturday (for accommodation half holiday), 1:30 p.m.

The Book of the Fair.

To the French belongs the honor of first adding the national exhibition to the local fair, though by the English this distinction is claimed for the London Society of Arts, whose displays date back to the year 1761. The latter, however while partially of an industrial character, and including agricultural and other machinery, cannot properly be classed as national exhibitions. The first one worthy of the name, though lasting but for three days, and with only 110 exhibitors, was at the Temple of Industry, erected by Napoleon in 1798, in the Champs de Mars. Here also, was established the system of awarding premiums and prizes by the jury system, and with a special gold medal offered to him whose exhibit should suggest the most effectual means of destroying British commerce. Others were held at brief intervals ending with 1806, but followed a few years later by a larger exposition, held at the Louvre in 1819, with more than 1,600 exhibitors, to whom were awarded some 800 medals and premiums. All these, and similar expositions continued until the middle of the century, were merely of a national character, not through the indifference of foreign countries, but as a matter of policy, the French minister forbidding the introduction of foreign products as an innovation dangerous to the industries of France.—*The Book of the Fair, by Hubert H. Bancroft.*

Waked Up in Time

To the fact that a want of tone in the system is the herald of approaching disease, hosts of invalids have adopted that certain means of self rescue from impending danger, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This benignant tonic promotes, in no ordinary degree, digestion and assimilation, through which the blood is fertilized and made strength-yielding. Besides this, inactivity of the liver, bowels and kidneys, which impede a gain of vigor, is overcome. Appetite, as well as the ability to gratify it without discomfort, is stimulated by this thorough medicinal cordial, which also has a tranquillizing effect upon nerves weak and unquiet. Food, it should be remembered, only half invigorates the dyspeptic. By the use of the Bitters its nourishing properties are made available. For malaria, rheumatism and the infirmities of age, use the Bitters.

The Swift Campania.

The recent record-breaking run of the Cunard company's magnificent steamer, Campania, is as follows: Daily runs—516, 528, 543, 525, 545, and 126. The total distance she sailed was 2,783 knots. Her average speed per hour was 21 48-100 knots, and her average daily run was 515 8-10 knots. A singular thing about the Campania is that on her last trip she made an average speed of 21 80-100 knots, faster time, but she lowered no record, because she went over a longer course. The best previous western record from Queenstown was made by the Cunard steamer Lucania. She arrived here on Nov. 4, 1893, and covered the distance in 5 days, 12 hours, and 47 minutes. This broke the record made by the Campania on Oct. 20 of the same year. The Campania had made the passage in 5 days, 13 hours, 23 minutes. She had also beaten the Lucania on the eastern trip. On the same day that the Campania established new records for the fastest ocean voyages and for the quickest trip toward the rising sun, the Lucania gave to the maratime world a new western record. On that trip the Lucania's daily runs were 481, 542, 536, 490, 535, and 196 knots. As will be seen, the best day's run was 542 knots. The Campania, on her second last day, made 515 knots.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have had wonderful success selling Dish-Washers. Have not made less than $8 any day, and some days $15. Nearly every family buys one. They are cheap, durable, and do the work perfectly. You can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes without touching your hands to a dish. I believe any lady or gentleman, anywhere, can do as well as I am doing, as I had no experience. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family seems to want a dish-washer. Write to the Iron City Dish-Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa. They will send you full particulars, and help you as they did me. I do not write my experience boastingly, but because I think it a duty I owe to others in these hard times. Yours truly,

MARTHA B.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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Three Home Seekers' Excursions

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half-rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on Sept. 11 and 25, and Oct. 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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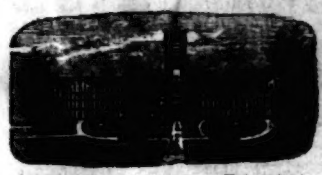

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DIFFERING VIEWS.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE RAILWAY UNION STRIKE.

A Preacher Who Wants "More Soldiers Who Know How to Use Their Guns." A More Competent Authority on the Other Side—The Next Strike at the Ballot Box.

Preachers, editors, professors, politicians and others have been during the past six weeks reviewing the big sympathetic strike and telling the public of the lessons that had been learned therefrom. It is not surprising that there is a broad diversity of expressed opinion upon the subject. It was to be expected that most of those who felt that an anxious public was awaiting their verdicts would see the affair only through spectacles focused to gauges fixed by environment or personal interests, and that no important changes would be noticed in the positions taken by those who had before the strike gone upon record on the question of labor and capital. It is true, and an encouraging truth, that the eyes of many good persons were opened to the tyranny of capitalism and the subornation of representatives of law and government by the events of July, but among these there were no converts from the ranks of the defenders of plutocracy. No deserters have been posted at the headquarters of Mammon. Subsidized editors, professors and preachers remained the tools of the robber barons despite the evidences of tyranny, injustice and inhumanity which were made so plain to all the world at Chicago and Pullman.

The editorial tool of plutocracy sees in the events of the strike and its temporary failure irrefutable evidence that "the good sense of the public can be trusted to deal with the anarchists who would create antagonism between natural allies—labor and capital. Debs and revolutionists of his stripe have been taught that the strong arm of the government can be depended upon to protect the rights of its citizens, the highest and the lowest, against all efforts of self appointed leaders to array class against class." Creatures of Mammon who serve the devil in the livery of Christ tell us that "God has ordered that law and and order should triumph over anarchy and wickedness, and that he can be depended upon to succor the side of right in its hour of trial." Blasphemy of the most hellish sort! All clergymen who have spoken upon the subject have not so disgraced their cloth, but exceptions are not numerous, and the press and money bags who control most of the churches are reading the riot act to every minister who has dared to raise his voice in behalf of the laborers.

I want to call my readers' attention to the utterances of one preacher who is quoted with approval by the organs of plutocracy. He is not the fiercest nor is he the mildest pulpit tool of special privilege. He is just a fair average of that class. His name is Charles B. Mitchell, and he expounds the gospel of plutocracy at the Grand Avenue Methodist church of Kansas City. He harangued his hearers Sunday, Aug. 12, on the subject, "Some Good Results From the Debs Strike." The title given his address was enough to assure his audience in the start that he was prejudiced or subsidized and would not give the subject an honest consideration. I have not the space to quote extensively from the Rev. Mitchell's remarks and shall refer only to two paragraphs, which seem to clearly define his attitude toward the efforts of workingmen to better their condition. He says:

> The boycott, that pernicious and un-American thing, has again proved a most grievous failure, as it should and always will among a people who believe in fair play. We are coming to see that the boycott should be condemned by state and federal law.

The boycott is "pernicious and un-American," says the gentleman. The boycott is simply the exercise of the right to refuse to give assistance to an enemy or opponent. It may be exercised by an individual or a collection of individuals, and it may extend to efforts to influence the action of friendly disposed persons not directly concerned in the pending controversy. The Rev. Mitchell is the very unworthy mouthpiece of an organization which has levied a perpetual boycott upon the calling of certain American citizens. Men who are engaged in certain businesses not countenanced by the church are boycotted commercially, politically and socially by that organization. I am not going to offer a defense of these men. In a majority of cases they and their callings are detrimental to the morals and health of the community, but the law recognizes them, and their business has legal standing, and is therefore entitled to the same rights and protection as are given to those not under the ban of the church. If we were to have state and federal law prohibiting the boycott, what would Mr. Mitchell think of a blanket injunction served upon himself and his associates?

The truth is that the boycott is all right so long as it is not used against the class that seem to think society is organized and governments instituted for the sole benefit of property. In New York the other day Judge Beach issued an injunction restraining members of the Tailors' union from "picketing" in the vicinity of the stores of Fifth avenue's aristocratic tailors and from in any way, "by persuasion or otherwise," attempting to keep men from working in the stores against which the union struck. No attention has been paid to efforts of the bosses to induce members of the union to desert their organization by offering them bribes and by sending "persuasive" emissaries to frighten or otherwise influence the wives and families of the striking workmen. Mr. Mitchell and men like him are silent on the subject of the black list, through which the Managers' association prevent the employment by any of the railroads of the country of men who have incurred the association's displeasure.

But the real character of this noble Christian gentleman of Kansas City is more clearly shown in the following paragraph, which is a verbatim extract from his "sermon:"

> We have come to appreciate the value of our regular army. It should be doubled in numbers at once. One hundred regulars are worth more than a regiment of militia when it comes to actual service. The regulars don't know any better than to shoot when ordered by authority. With increasing anarchy we need more soldiers who know how to use their guns.

I was "brought up" a Methodist, but if there is anything in the creed of that church or the teaching of its founders justifying such brutal utterances by one of its authorized mouthpieces my people never knew it. If that church expects to hold its influence as a teacher in Kansas City, "it needs more (Christian) soldiers who know how to use" the toes of their boots. I often meet good men, ministers and laymen, who express regret that the working people are wandering away from the influence of the church. It is bad enough to be shot down by "regulars who don't know any better" without putting oneself in the way of being insulted and slandered by high salaried hypocrites who wear the livery of Christ, whose memory every workingman reveres.

But there is hope that the Methodist church may be saved ere it falls absolutely under the spell of Mammon. It is a pleasure to quote on the other side another clergyman of that denomination. Rev. W. H. Carwardine of the Pullman Methodist church said before the labor commission that he thought "the conduct of the employees during the strike was remarkably good. There was an element that had to be subdued, and I am free to say it was a good thing to have the militia on the scene three or four days, but there would have been no outbreak if left entirely to home force." Here was a man who was a resident of Pullman, and who was in a position to see for himself every phase of the trouble, and he declares that there would have been no outbreak if the "regulars who know how to use their guns" had not been brought on to the field by the influence the corporations exercised upon authorities at Washington.

As is generally the case, the lesson learned from the recent strike depends upon the point of view. Mr. Mitchell looks at it from the plutocratic standpoint (why he does so is a question he will have to settle with the Master), and it is natural that he should put his trust in the regular army, as by its employment the strikers were defeated. Mr. Carwardine says: "There never will come a settlement of these things until employers are more just toward employees than has been illustrated by this affair. There must be more co-operation and recoguition." If I may be allowed to slip my opinion in here, I will say that the lesson of the strike as read from labor's standpoint is that the time has come for the workingmen of the country to unite and rally their forces at the ballot box, so that they may get control of the machinery that capitalism used to defeat the Pullman and A. R. U. strike. I am done arguing with the tools of plutocracy about the rights of the workingman. I can't spare much time to the well meaning persons who think that mutual relations may be established, but I stand ready at all times to defend the declaration that labor will get its rights only when it controls the lawmaking and executive branches of the government.

A word to the workingman. You certainly know now that you are powerless against the greed of plutocracy and will continue so while the political institutions of the country remain under plutocratic control. Both of the old parties have not only failed to do anything for you, but have allowed your condition to go on from bad to worse without a single effort to check it. Both parties are under the control of the corporations, and if there is an occasional honest man prominent in either of them he is powerless to change the course marked out by the bosses. If you do not know this, you are lost. Thank God, there is an awakening throughout the land. The workingmen are at last showing that they have sense enough to govern themselves; that democracy is not a failure. The mechanics and laborers of many sections are joining hands with their brothers in misery, the farmers, and there is hope that when election day has come and gone again the ballot boxes will contain a record of the greatest strike and victory ever made and achieved by the workingmen in the United States. Come together, all reformers, and by that union sweep from the halls of our legislatures, national and state, the emissaries of plutocracy, the enemies of the country's producers.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

Child Labor.

Child labor has rapidly grown to monstrous proportions within the last 20 years, but the more enlightened portion of the nation is waking to the folly and wrong of it. This is shown by the fact that legislation on this subject exists in many states, though often evaded, and that factory inspectors have been appointed, though their number is inadequate. Some working people will not let their children go into the mills, saying "they learn too much badness." Others say it is better for them than to be on the streets. Mr. F. Willoughby has shown that the rate of wages is lowered by child labor, since the rate of wages depends on "the standard of comfort," which standard is lowered by the employment of the young children of a family. The effect of the prohibition of child labor would be a permanent rise of wages, owing to the lessened competition, and also an improved condition of the laborer, rendering him more valuable as a consumer, which would lead to a better condition of the market.—Lippincott's.

MR. DEBS' TESTIMONY.

An Honest Review by a Paper That Could Not Be Bought or Muzzled.

People who read the testimony of Eugene V. Debs before the strike commission cannot, if they be fair minded, fail to be convinced of the justice of the cause in which he is working and of the sincerity and ability of the man himself.

In a struggle for the rights of humanity individuals are nothing. He will be but a poor champion of the cause of the people who will pause to eulogize certain champions when he should be fighting for principles. But when a leader like Debs is attacked as he has been attacked and all the agencies and all the influence of capitalism are set in motion to "make an example of him"—i. e., to so persecute him that no other man will be willing to encounter like danger in the wageworkers' cause—then must every spokesman of the working classes speak out in defense of the leader so attacked.

The slanders that have been directed against Debs during this struggle simply baffle recountal because of their number. He has been called crazy, drunken, revolutionary, criminal, incompetent. Newspapers have at once declared his conduct of the strike impotent and denounced him for having made it so effective. Labor has been entreated to throw him over as a puerile leader, and capital has been warned that he is a dangerous man because of his surpassing ability. "Anything to beat Debs" has been the one policy which has animated the organs of capital for the last four months.

Well, Debs is beaten—in a certain sense. His effort in behalf of the Pullman strikers has failed, and the very journals which most strenuously opposed his work are now printing the story of the dreadful destitution bred of the Pullman despotism which Debs did his best to break down.

It is too late now to fight over again the issues of the American Railway union strike and boycott. Debs and his associates now stand in the shadow of the penitentiary for trying to avert by entirely proper and lawful means the conditions which now engage the attention of the governor of the state and which must awaken the sympathy of all humane people. The privileged corporations flocked to the aid of the Pullman concern, No one conversant with the facts in the case can gainsay that. The railroads stood by Pullman; every morning newspaper in Chicago except The Times stood by the railroads; the government joined in with the combination. Mr. Debs' testimony is to the effect that governmental action by hastily issued injunctions killed the strike—a statement which everybody cognizant of the course of that movement will indorse.

There has been much evidence adduced before the investigation commission, but none so exact or none more clear than that of Mr. Debs. His explanation of the causes of the strike and boycott is perspicuous and logical, his outline of the causes of its failure coherent and convincing, his suggestion of means for avoiding its recurrence absolutely right. He sees, as all clear sighted and fair minded men must see, that under the private ownership of railroads there is no possibility of justice for railroad employees. The public interest in the smooth and uninterrupted course of traffic over the roads enables the managers to call upon public opinion and even upon state forces to aid them against the employees in any serious controversy. The government ownership of railroads is indeed, as Mr. Debs has said, the one effective remedy for strikes among railroad hands. Asked for a solution of the general railroad problem, he suggested the co-operative commonwealth—a solution doubtless, but one so difficult of accomplishment as to seem almost if not quite utopian. Mr. Debs might have proceeded logically from his declaration for government ownership of railroads to government ownership and management of all other industries which tend naturally and inevitably to become monopolies. This accomplished, the repeal of all laws giving private persons the benefit of artificial law created monopolies would follow; then the abolition of all taxes upon industry; finally the throwing open to all men on equal conditions of all natural opportunities so that every man starting in life should have, so far as human power could accomplish it, an equal chance with every other man. Under such an organization and with such laws the co-operative commonwealth which Mr. Debs suggests would probably prove unnecessary. Competition, which is essential to the progress of civilization, would still continue, but it would be free competition, not the calm triumph of man plus a monopoly over the man without it.—Chicago Times.

Dangerous Ideas.

For a number of years now I have watched the trend of anarchistic thought in this country. I was in Chicago in 1886 when the bomb was thrown in the Haymarket that May evening. I was in the courtroom when Spies—a university graduate, a quiet and intelligent gentleman—Lingg, Parsons and the others were condemned to death. I studied as best I could the growth of the public feeling which demanded that these men be killed because they did not think as you and I do. Since then I have met many anarchists—men like Malato, Malatesta, who led the Sicilian revolt; women like Emma Goldman and Louise Michel. I believe in the new French law against anarchists; I believe in Superintendent Byrnes' repressive theory. This society in which you and I believe demands the iron hand.

By the way, I discussed this matter with Oscar Wilde a few weeks ago. I argued then as I argue now.

"The ideas are dangerous," said I, "and should be repressed."

"Dangerous!" said Oscar. "My dear boy, the ideas which are not dangerous are unworthy the name of ideas."

But he is given to epigram.—Vance Thompson in New York Advertiser.

RUSSIANIZED AMERICA.

Men Brutally Treated and Sent to Prison Because They Are Poor.

At 5 o'clock last Thursday morning we were knocked up to lend our aid in behalf of over 100 men who had been arrested at Coxey's camp and brought to our little town (Hyattsville, Md.) for a mock trial.

We found on arriving at the justice's office 112 men in charge of a sheriff and several deputies and some 40 police from the city of Baltimore. An extra train had been kept in waiting since midnight, and the justice had been at work all night writing up commitments. The governor of the state had employed detectives for the past month to watch the camp, and upon their report of seditious language and threats he had ordered their arrest in this outrageous manner. Just what threats were made or the quality of the sedition manifested this usurper of the people's rights did not deign to disclose. The charge was vagrancy, and the summary punishment was 90 days in the Maryland bridewell. We were, of course, powerless to do anything, since it was openly declared that "they had come to break up this camp and were going to do it."

We saw them hustled into squads by the brutal police, who shot at one who tried to escape and plainly revealed by their actions the brutal instincts which governed them. They were sentenced in a body, without a chance to plead, without a single opportunity for defense, and hustled like cattle into a couple of cars and hurried off to the state workhouse. A more high handed outrage was never perpetrated in this country. Men, women and children looked on in wondering silence. Tears came to the eyes of some and smothered curses from the lips of others, while all were deeply impressed with the infamous manner in which these poor, half starved, half clothed men were being treated. To us it appeared like the beginning of the end.

These men had been arrested, brutally treated, condemned and sentenced, and for what? Their poverty! They had committed no misdemeanor; they had broken no law. Their only crime was poverty. Because of their poverty they were hounded like animals, hustled and driven about like dumb brutes and incarcerated with common felons. Yet this is America. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave. Is it any wonder that sometimes good men are at a loss to know just what to make of the actions of those in authority? We think not. Governor Brown has committed an outrage upon the fair fame of the state he so fully misrepresents. He should be impeached and driven from the position he has so foully polluted. No man is fit to represent the people of Maryland who would instigate such a high handed outrage.

We shall expect a general condemnation of such action.—National Watchman.

"The Next Great Strike."

A recent sermon delivered by Rev. Thomas Dixon of New York had for its title "The Next Great Strike." Mr. Dixon said during the course of his remarks:

"The outlook in the immediate future is one of suffering and oppression for the laborer. The capitalist, confident in the victory he has gained recently, will retaliate and strike back at the weak points in the labor organizations, and the result will be suffering in the near future. I do not believe it is possible to avoid a desperate conflict between labor and capital within the next 10 years unless a great change takes place in the men who are running both the labor and capitalist organizations."

Mr. Dixon then said that the defeat sustained by the strikers in Chicago was not the solution of the difficulty. "That defeat," said he, "was the triumph of might over weakness, and it will be the battlecry for the next great strike. There is but one power to prevent this coming strike, and that is the church of God. If the church of God recognizes the day of its visitation, she can prevent the strike, but if she does not there will be a great uprising, and not one of her present ceilings or her stained glass windows will be left to tell the tale of the beginning of the twentieth century."

The preacher then denounced the men who were controlling the church by their money. "They are blind," he said, "and are attempting to lead the blind. If it continue, let it be so, but God will call a day of reckoning."

Women Workers.

The blanks recently sent out by the Pennsylvania chief of the bureau of industrial statistics regarding the position of women in the industrial world are now coming slowly in, and a goodly percentage of women receive from $6 to $8 weekly and give it all to the common home fund. Most of those who have answered are clerks, who work some nine hours a day and more in the holiday season.

They can take a vacation if they wish at their own expense and are not allowed pay for absence caused by illness. One woman, who is head of a mercantile department, receives $20 a week, but sells $45,000 worth of goods yearly and considers the salary very inadequate. The women are paid less than men in similar positions.

The Short Hour Day.

Mr. John Rae seems to have abundant justification for saying that thus far the teaching of experience is plainly and uniformly on the side of the short hour day. Not only has Australia, with an eight hour day, advanced in wealth more rapidly than any other nation; not only has England advanced in the race for manufacturing supremacy with each new restriction of the hours of labor, but even individual employers who have voluntarily tried the short hour day have been helped thereby.—Outlook.

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 184.

No. 184 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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A Child Originated the Idea—Made a Fortune and Became Insane—His Luck In a Lottery Ticket Which Brought the Needed Capital at the Right Time.

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Thus spoke a friend of mine, one of the best known patent attorneys in Washington, and then he walked across the room and picked up from his desk one of those little cylinder banks to hold $5 worth of 10 cent pieces which were all the rage a few years ago. Holding the toy in his hand, he said:

"When you come to write the romance of the patent office, you can make a chapter of what I am going to tell you. You remember the craze for these banks a few years ago, and how it turned everybody to saving dimes until at last there was an actual scarcity of that coin created? Well, the history of this patent is worth while telling.

"I never advance a man money on his patents or speculate in them. That is not my business, which is simply to represent him in a legal capacity before the office. But one day a man came into my New York office with an idea which he wanted to patent and about which he wanted to consult me. I told him that the fees and expenses would amount to $135.

" 'Mr. Connolly,' I said, 'I haven't $135 in the world, and I never expect to have that much at one time.'

"I looked at the man, and I looked at the model and said to him, 'I have never yet taken an interest in a patent, but I will pay all the expenses in connection with this patent if you will give me a quarter interest in it.'

" 'Why?' he asked.

" 'Because you have a fortune there,' I told him.

"However, the man said he would see about it. A few days later he came back with his brother-in-law, who had advanced the money. I procured his patent for him.

"Now, to go back and tell you how this man conceived the idea for the bank. He was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad company at Jersey City, receiving a salary of $14 a week. He was not an uncultivated man, but had a little knack for mechanics. He was in the habit of spending his Sundays with his sister, and one day when he called there he found his nephew, a child of about 3 years old, sitting on the floor shaking a toy bank and trying to get the money out. His sister explained that whenever t'e youngster dropped a cent into the bank he, like most children, was wild to get all the money out to count, and she went on to say to her brother, 'Why can't you invent a bank which will show how much there is in it,' and the brother said he thought he could.

"That gave him the idea. After he got his patent he had a few banks made, and on Saturday nights he used to put them in a basket, carry them around to the toyshops in the neighborhood and dispose of them. He found only one drawback—he could not make them fast enough to supply the demand. After he had been doing business in this way a few weeks he came to see me. He told me what he was doing and then went on to say: 'Mr. Connolly, do you think you could find some one who would lend me $2,500? There is a factory in Newark which I can buy for that amount, and which is just the thing I want for making my banks. If I can get hold of that factory, I am sure I can sell all the banks I can make.'

"I told him I thought I could get him the money and to come and see me in the course of a few days. A few days later he came in and said he didn't think I need bother about finding him that money, as he expected to have it next week. I asked him where he was going to get it from.

"You will think I am embellishing this story, because it sounds so improbable, but I am simply relating the facts without the slightest exaggeration or ornament. He said he had a lottery ticket, and he expected it would draw a prize. But wait; let me tell this story of the lottery ticket. He and some other men working at Jersey City decided to make up a pool and buy a lottery ticket, each man to put in $1. When the time came, the others backed out, and only himself and one other, a carpenter, put in their dollars. The ticket drew $5,000.

"With his share he bought out the Newark factory and in a short time had 600 men at work turning out these banks, and even then he could not keep up with orders. He was soon making a clear profit of $1,000 a week, then $2,000, then almost that much a day. During the time the craze lasted, and you know it was not of short duration, he made a large fortune."

"And what became of the man?" I asked.

"Oh, they put him in an insane asylum. He couldn't stand prosperity. He lost a great deal of his money about as rapidly as he made it, although fortunately he put a couple of hundred thousand or so in real estate, which his wife now has."—A. Maurice Low in Boston Globe.

Packing Ice In Snow.

When I first began to put up ice, we were told to pound it up to pack between the cakes. That was very good. Then we were told to pour water over it and freeze it all solid. This I did once, but never shall again. It made hard work in getting it out. No shape or size to it. When cut perfectly square, all of one size, it will pack so closely that it needs no chinking, but that is seldom done. The last few years I have packed in snow. When a layer is in, throw on snow, take a broom and sweep the cracks full, leaving some on the surface for the next layer. When done, cover the whole with sawdust so thick that it will not melt. Every block will come out just as it went in, with no trouble to loosen it. Some pack sawdust between the cakes. This I do not like. It freezes to the ice and is hard to get off without cutting. Lay the cakes so the space between them will be large at the top; then cram in snow, and you will be more than pleased with the result.—Country Gentleman.

HAS A WILL OF ITS OWN.

Glass a Peculiar and Difficult Substance to Handle In Manufacture.

A writer in The Optical states that glass is a substance which, as the glassblower says, has a will of its own. It is very often difficult to tell how a particular piece is going to act under certain conditions, even after having tested other pieces of the same "batch." When subjected to the heat, one end of a tube will sometimes respond differently from the other end. This is in a measure due to unequal chilling, occasioned possibly by a sudden draft of air while it is in process of manufacture. No piece of glass is absolutely reliable. Its working is therefore at certain stages most uncertain, and one person may have entirely different experiences from another. It is chameleonlike, and every process succeeds better with those who seem to have a knack which is generally obtained by long practice.

The cutting of glass heads the list of the uncertain processes, for it has no definite cleavage, and its separation is modified by the surrounding temperature. The simplest separation is on flat glass in a straight line. Here all that is necessary is a deep and regular scratch with a glazier's diamond, a firm and speedy bend away from the main piece, and the parts crack along the desired line. These glazier's diamonds may be purchased and generally prove satisfactory, but it is more economical to purchase from some diamond cutter a small splinter and insert this into a piece of brass rod having a small hole drilled into one end. The splinter should now be cemented with marine glue and the brass rod filed a little upon the side nearest the ruler to obtain, after trial, the best cutting angle for the diamond. Another instrument for cutting glass less expensive than the diamond is the glassblower's knife, which is a piece of thin steel tempered glass hard by heating it cherry red, and then plunging it into ice cold water or mercury. The edge should be sharpened by rubbing it upon an old, rough emery grindstone until fine sawlike notches appear. It is then ready for use and should, if much used, be sharpened repeatedly.

To cut tubes carefully scratch at right angles to the axis a deep notch, either with the diamond, a triangular file or a glassblower's knife. Heat a piece of brass rod until a small globule appears on the end and press this upon the scratch. The glass will thus be heated more at this point than any other, an unequal expansion takes place, the scratch giving direction to the line of fracture, and the tube cracks evenly if its thickness be uniform. In the case of variable thickness uneven edges result, and these must be filed down to avoid sharp cutting splinters. Many recipes and directions have been given for cutting bottles. Wetting an asbestus string with turpentine and setting it on fire produces considerable heat in the glass immediately underneath it. By quickly removing the string and plunging the bottle into cool water the unequal strain takes place and the parts separate. It is this locating of the heat that causes the glass to crack as we wish it. The easiest method, if the means be at hand, is to employ a platinum wire which should be heated white hot by the passage of a heavy electric current. By wrapping the wire round a heavy bottle or jar and allowing the current to pass for 10 or 15 seconds the stoutest walled vessel may be easily separated if touched on the heated line with a cloth dipped in water.

Women and Wall Street.

There is an erroneous idea that women who dabble in Wall street are bepainted, bejeweled and live a life of sybaritic ease. They are popularly supposed to roll up and down Wall street in gorgeous carriages with prancing horses and a coachman and footman in livery. It is believed by many residents in the United States that some made their fortunes by the turn of a hand in Wall street, and that the life of the speculative female is one long sunshiny day.

If there be any such fortunate women, Wall street men know nothing of them. There are only a few brokers' offices where women are ever seen, and these women do not bend over the ticker with feverish excitement and sip champagne between the rise and fall of prices on 'change. The woman who ventures into Wall street these days is very much out of place. To begin with, few brokers, or bankers, for that matter, care to have women visit their offices. They attract too much attention. They have no knowledge of the value of time, and they monopolize a busy man's attention so that business is often at a standstill. Then, as a rule, the average speculative woman is a poor loser. She can understand all about making money and is brimful of good nature while the market is going her way, but when things go against her and her margin is surely and swiftly being wiped out she is apt to become disagreeable, if not hysterical, so that brokers, as a rule, prefer not to deal with women. And thus comes to an end one of the pleasing fictions of Wall street.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Neatness and Health.

Cleanliness is the safeguard of health. People who are not clean catch all manner of unpleasant things. The history of plagues is the history of unsanitary conditions. When the cholera shows its hideous claws, the authorities begin at once to clean up the foul neighborhoods. Mortality is frail, but its preservation is neatness.—New York World

A TREE WITH A TEMPER.

It Grows In Arizona With Another That Gives Light Like an Electric Lamp.

"There are more queer things to the acre in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Colonel Brace Dion of Houck's Tank, Apache county, "and, according to my idea, and I know pretty near what queer things are, the queerest thing in all Arizona is the tree that has a temper worse than a blond comic opera prima donna's and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor, these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant, resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree and yourself.

"This tree is very touchy on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear or a mountain lion never ruffles the temper of this tree if those animals do not presume on too great familiarity with it. They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree the hot tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectually as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out at Houck's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree, and some say its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But, no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

"While this tree is the only real, genuine vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona soil has the talent to produce. This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit 25 feet away and read fine print. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine. When the moon begins to wane, the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."—New York Sun.

Where the Money Is Found.

Englishmen are the milk cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all other nations borrow. For generations they have been rich and saving until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that latterly the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of undertaking, in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow.

It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the cupidity of the impecunious. Borrowing has not produced lending, but lending borrowing. Interest has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have dipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a heroic remedy, but it is the only remedy. —Contemporary Review.

She Put Him to the Test.

"Yes, darling," he said in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah," sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he said in wild, passionate tones, "put me to the proof. Test me and see if I fail. Set me any test within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah," she murmured, "if I could only believe you!"

"Put me to the test. Say to me, 'Do this or that,' and it shall be done."

"Yes," she murmured slowly, "there is one thing I should like you to do, if"——

"Oh, tell me, and let me do it! Now you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love for you," he cried exultantly. The maiden dropped her lashes, a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth as she gently murmured, "Marry some other girl."—London Tit-Bits.

He Might.

There is a man in Chicago who has lived there for 40 years and has visited New York 50 times or more in that period. He has never uttered a single word in praise of Chicago or in disparagement of New York. It is thought that if he were not deaf and dumb he might make a few remarks.—New York Mail and Express.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmist.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably occupied some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do. What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter may form a word, or, as Addison tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, the third with gimel and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of Hebrew acrostics. This was done with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abcedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also propounded riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flatterers of James I of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "claims Arthur's seat." The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). Anagrams were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long.

The necessity of relative harmony throughout the entire physical system cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even predominant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the approach of death. What can be done for the realization and maintenance of structural and vital harmony? Space would fail us to give details adapted to varying conditions, but the underlying fundamental principle for its accomplishment may be imparted in few words. Strive to strengthen and develop those parts of the body which have been slighted by nature or weakened by disease or abuse; guard zealously such structures and see that they are never subjected to undue strain or too active exertion; neglect not the improvement of every part of the economy, but seek first to improve the weakest structures; look well to organs of vital importance—the heart, lungs, kidneys, etc.—and seek especially to advance their good. A fine physique is not to be ignored, but of far greater importance are a strong pair of lungs, a normal, well guarded heart, good digestive apparatus and functionally sound kidneys. The strengthening and developing of vital structures require more skill and perseverance than the training of the muscular system and should be conducted with much care and diligence.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Eat Fruits.

The warmth of summer tends to biliousness and fevers, and the free use of fruits counteracts this tendency. This is because the acids of the fruit help to facilitate the separation of the bile from the blood, a process slackened by the approach of hot weather. "Fruits are cooling" is an expression often used, but why this is so very few understand. They are so because the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open, and under such conditions fever and want of appetite are impossible.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; T E Becket, V-P; Frank Cullen, Rec Sec, 172 Osgood st; William Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9233 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos J Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 169 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 976 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R,

LABOR TAKES A HOLIDAY

General Observance of the First Monday in September.

DAY KEPT IN THE LARGE CITIES.

At Chicago 30,000 Wage Workers Turned Out and Marched in Procession Through the Streets of the City—Nearly All the Trades Unionists in the Eastern Metropolis Turn Out in Honor of the Day—At the National Capital.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—Chicago's industrial army in mighty array showed itself on parade Labor day. The day which custom and law have set apart as labor's own found fitting observance. It is estimated that nearly 30,000 trades unionists were in line when, promptly at 10 o'clock, the parade moved from the rendezvous, Bricklayers' hall, at West Monroe and Peoria streets. At 8 o'clock the streets in the vicinity of the hall were slowly filling up with columns of men wearing badges and carrying banners and flags. Many unions which marched in bodies from their halls showed up in striking and distinctive uniforms. The painters were numerous in their suits of white duck. In the parade they were to number more than 3,000. Plumbers, steamfitters, and other trades were coming in uniform with bands in the lead.

Reviewing Stand in Lincoln Park.

By 9 o'clock the streets in the vicinity were crowded from curb to crub. Flags were fluttering in the breeze, bands were playing, and marshals wearing bright sashes and mounted on lively horses were galloping up and down and issuing orders. The various organizations were assigned to positions, and the big column got under way on schedule time. On the reviewing stand in Lincoln park were many noted labor leaders, the marshals of the parade, and the committees which awarded prizes to the unions making the best appearance in the parade. At the close of the exercises at the monument a choir of young ladies sang "This Grand Countrie," a poem by Mabel Ervin, which has been set to music and dedicated to Eugene V. Debs.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

Twenty Thousand Men, Representing Nearly All the Trades, in Line.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Labor made an imposing demonstration here. The weather was favorable for marching, the sun being obscured here, while a cool breeze from the east made the air bracing. Not far from 20,000 men, representing nearly all the trades were in line and here and there in the procession were bands of women from the various assemblies, such as the cloak makers, of organized feminine labor. Cooper Union was the focus about which the bodies gathered for the parade It was some time after the hour set for the start, 10 o'clock, before the procession was gotten under way. The first division, which formed in Astor place, was composed for the most of those engaged in the stone industry, while the theatrical trades brought up in the rear. The march of the line was up Fourth avenue to Union square, to Seventeenth street, where the procession disbanded. Such of the marchers as were so disposed proceeded thence to the picnic of the Central Labor union at Brommer's Union park, but at least as many others finished their day in pleasure seeking with their wives and children in other ways.

At Washington, the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—It being Labor day, all the government departments and public offices were closed, as were a great many stores and public places. The labor organizations paraded and spent the day at a park in the outskirts. The act making the first Monday in September a legal holiday was approved by the president June 28 last.

At Des Moines, Ia.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Sept. 3.—All trade unions and labor organizations united in the celebration of Labor day. There was a parade to Riverside park, where a big crowd assembled to hear an oration by J. Bellagill of Des Moines.

At the Illinois Capital.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 3.—Labor day was generally observed. The government, state and city departments were closed all day. There were games and races and other amusements at the parks.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The Month of August Shows a Decrease of $1,733,654.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued by the treasury department shows a decrease in the public debt of $1,713,654, including certificates and treasury notes off-set by an equal amount of cash in the treasury. Excluding these certificates and treasury notes the decrease was $91,897. On Aug. 31, 1894, the interest-bearing debt was $635,042,670, an increase for the month of $80.

The debt on which interest had ceased since maturity was $1,831,750, a decrease for the month of $9,100. The debt bearing no interest amounted to $379,867,593, a decrease of $82,877. Certificates and treasury notes outstanding offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury were $613,250,573, a decrease for the month of $1,621,787. The aggregate debt Aug. 31, was $1,022,092,585.

The several items of cash in the treasury are given as follows: Gold coin and bars, $120,885,922; silver, $513,167,330; paper, $130,319,260; bonds and minor coins, $17,330,897, aggregating $781,703,357, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $654,555,260, leaving a cash balance of $127,148,097, of which $55,216,900 is gold reserve. The increase in the cash during the month was $8,082,745.

The comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the government shows the total receipts during August to have been $40,417,605 as against $34,809,339 for the previous month. The expenditures aggregate $31,656,636, which leaves an unexpended balance for the month of $8,760,969.

The Kind of a Husband She Kept.

HANCOCK, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Mrs. William Lucas of this place is a nervy widow. Three desperate looking tramps called at her house and demanded something to eat. She replied that she had nothing for them. They then advanced into the kitchen, asking if her husband was at home. The little woman stepped to a sideboard, produced a revolver and, covering the intruders, said: "This is the husband I keep; now, get." The men retreated from the house, and to expedite them the plucky widow sent a bullet after them. Then all three ran for dear life.

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